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THE YEAR OF THE ROSE.

BY CHARLES SWINBURNE.

The year of the rose is brief;
From the first blade blown to the shear,
From the thin green leaf to the gold,
It has time to be sweet and grow old,
To triumph and leave not a leaf
For witness in winter's sight
How lovers once in the light
Would mix their breath with its breath,
And its spirit was quenched not of night,
As love is subdued not of death.
In the red-rose land not a mile
Of the meadows from stile to stile,
Of the valleys from stream to stream,
But the air was a long, sweet dream
And the earth was a sweet wide smile,
Red-mouthed of a goddess, returned
From the sea which had borne her and
burned,
That with one swift smile of her mouth
Looked full on the north as it yearned;
And the north was more than the south.

SIDONIE, THE INTRIGANTE.

THE FROMONT JEUNE ET RISLER AINE OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Translated by George D. Cox.

[This story was commenced in No. 23, Vol. LV. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

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BOOK III.

IV.—[*Continued.*]

From her former existence, poverty-stricken existence, in a populous quarter, there came back to her remembrances of households in confusion, of husband avenged, of blood splashed over the infamies of sin. Visions of death pursued her. And death, eternal repose, perpetual silence were well calculated to frighten that little being fambling for pleasure eager for noise and excitement even to madness.

This blessed letter put an end to all her terrors. Now it was impossible for Frantz to denounce her, even in his fury at defeat, knowing that such a weapon was in her hands; still, if he spoke, she could show the epistle, and all his accusations would become for Risler pure calumnies. Ah, Monsieur the Judge, she held you in her hand!

Suddenly she was seized with an access of mad joy.

"I am a new creature—I am a new creature!" said she to Madame Dobson. She ran into the walks of the garden, made great bouquets for her salon, opened the windows widely to the sun, gave orders to the cook, to the coachman, to the gardener. It was desirable that the house should look handsome. George was about to return, and, to begin, she organized a grand dinner for the close of the week. Truly, it might be said that she had been absent for a month and that she had returned from a troublesome and fatiguing business journey, so much haste did she make to renew excitement and life about her.

In the evening of the next day, Sidonie, Risler and Madame Dobson were all three in the salon. Whilst the good Risler turned over the leaves of a large old worm-eaten book on mechanics, Madame Dobson accompanied on the piano Sidonie who was singing. All at once the latter stopped in the middle of her romance and burst out into a loud laugh. Ten o'clock had just struck.

Risler looked up quickly:

"What makes you laugh?"

"Nothing—a thought," replied Sidonie, pointing out the clock to Madame Dobson with a little wink of the eye.

It was the hour appointed for the rendezvous, and she was thinking of the torments of her lover whilst he waited for her.

Since the return of the messenger who had brought to Frantz the "yes" of Sidonie, so feverishly looked for, a great calm had come over his troubled mind like a sudden repose. No more uncertainties, no more waverings between passion and duty. Instantly he felt himself at ease, as if he had no more conscience. With the greatest composure, he made his preparations, rolled his trunks upon the square, emptied the bureau and the closets, and very long before the hour that he had fixed for them to come for his baggage, he was seated upon a box in the centre of his chamber, gazing at the map nailed to the wall, like an emblem of his wandering life, following with his eye the straight line of the railroads and that undulating mark like a wave which designates the oceans.

Never once did the thought come to him that on the other side of the landing some one was weeping and sighing on account of him. Never once did he think of the despair of his brother, of the frightful drama that they were about to leave behind them. He was very far from all these things, departed in advance, already upon the platform of the depot with Sidonie in sombre habits of travel and flight. Further off still, on the borders of the sea where they stopped some time to make inquiries. Yet further off, arriving with her in an unknown land where no one could either demand her or recover her. At other times, he thought of the railroad car en route in the night and the solitary country. He saw a pretty and pale head leaned near him upon the cushions, a blooming lip within reach of his lip, and two deep eyes which looked at him beneath the soft light of the lamp, in the rocking of the wheels and of the steam.

And now puff and roar, engine. Shake the earth, redden the sky, spit out smoke and flame. Plunge into the tunnels, pass over the mountains and the rivers, leap, flash, shine; but take us with you, take us far from the inhabited world, from its laws, from its affections, out of life, out of ourselves!

Two hours before the opening of the wicket for the designated train, Frantz was already at the Lyons depot, that melancholy depot which in the distant part of Paris in which it is situated seems a first station in the country. He seated himself in the most sombre corner, and remained there without stirring, as if stunned. At that hour his brain was as agitated and tumultuous as the depot itself. He felt himself invaded by a crowd of reflections without order, of vague remembrances, of whimsical reconcilements. In a moment he had made such voyages to the most remote portions of his memory that he asked himself two or three times why he was there and what he was waiting for. But the idea of Sidonie leaped out from his confused thoughts and lighted them up with a full glare.

She was coming. And mechanically, although the hour of rendezvous was yet far off, he peered among the people who crowded in, called each other, searching if he could not perceive that elegant silhouette come out all at once from the mass and scattering it at each step by the radiation of its beauty.

After many departures, arrivals, screams of steam whistles, of which the captive cry under the arches resembled a tearing to pieces, there was a great emptiness in the depot, deserted suddenly like a church on week-days. The ten o'clock train approached. There was no other before it. Frantz arose.

Now it was no longer a dream, a chimera lost in those limits of time so vast, so uncertain.

In a quarter of an hour, a half hour at the furthest, she would be there.

Then began for him the horrible torment of waiting, that suspension of the whole being, strange situation of body and mind, when the heart no longer beats, when the respiration pants like the thoughts, when the gestures, when the phrases remain unfinished, when all awaits. The poets have described it a hundred times, that dolorous anguish of the lover who hears the roll of a carriage in the deserted street, a stealthy step mounting the staircase.

But to wait for his mistress in a depot, in a waiting-room, is much more doleful. Those lamps lighted and dull, without reflection upon a dusty floor, those great glazed bay-windows, that incessant noise of footsteps and of doors which sounds in the restless ears, the empty loftiness of the walls, those posters which are spread out there "Pleasure train for Monaco—Trip around Switzerland," that atmosphere of travel, of change, of indifference, of inconstancy, all are well calculated to oppress the heart and augment its agony.

Frantz went and came watching the carriages which arrived. They stopped at long stone steps. Their doors were opened, were shut noisily, and from the outside darkness faces appeared in the light upon the threshhold, faces calm or vexed, happy or grieved, hats with feathers covered by light veils, countrywomen's caps, sleepy children who were drawn by the hand. Each new apparition made him tremble. He thought he saw her, hesitating, veiled, a little embarrassed. How quickly he would be beside her to reassure her, to protect her.

In proportion as the depot filled up, the watch became more difficult. The carriages succeeded each other without interruption. He was obliged to run from one door to another. Then he went out, thinking that it would be better outside for seeing, and not being able to bear longer in the breathed and suffocating air of the room the oppression which had begun to seize upon him.

It was mild weather towards the close of September. A light fog floated about, and the lanterns of the carriages looked cloudy and damp at the foot of the great sloping causeway. Each one on arriving had the air of saying: "Tis I behold me!" But it was never Sidonie who descended, and that carriage which he had seen coming from afar, his heart swelled with hope as if it had contained more than his life, he saw return towards Paris, insignificantly light and empty.

The hour of departure approached. He looked at the clock. There was but a quarter of an hour remaining. That seemed frightful to him. But the bell of the wicket, which was just opened, summoned him. He hastened there, and took his place in the long file.

"Two first-class tickets for Marseilles," he demanded. It seemed to him that this was already an entering into possession.

Among the wheelbarrows laden with boxes, the late people who ran against each other, he returned to his post of observation. The coachmen cried to him: "Get out of the way!" He remained in the track of the wheels, under the hoofs of the horses, his ears deafened, his eyes staring. Only five minutes left. It was almost impossible for her to arrive in time. People hurried into the interior rooms. The trunks rolled among the baggage, and the great packages enveloped in cloth, the valises with brass nails, the little bags worn on the backs of commercial travelers, baskets of all shapes, of all sizes, were engulfed at the same door, shaken, weighed, with the same haste.

At last she appeared.

Yes, behold her. No, indeed she—a woman in black, slender, tall, accompanied by another, smaller, Madame Dobson, without doubt. But with a second look he undeceived himself. It was a young woman who resembled her, elegant like her, a Parisienne, with a happy countenance. A man, young also, came to rejoin her. They seemed to be a wedding trip, the mother accompanied them, came to put them in the car. They passed before Frantz enveloped in the current of happiness which drew them along. With a feeling of rage and of envy, he saw them enter the folding-doors, leaning upon each other, united and lost in the crowd.

It seemed to him that these people had stolen from him the places that he and Sidonie should have occupied in the train.

Now, 'twas the madness of departure, the last stroke of the bell, the steam which grew hot with a hollow noise in which were mingled the shuffling tread of the late people, the fracas of doors and of heavy omnibuses. Still Sidonie did not come, and Frantz waited. At that moment a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

Great Heavens!

He turned around. The huge head of M. Gardinois, enframed in a leathern head-gear with ear-covers, was before him.

"I am not deceived; 'tis M. Risler. You are going on the Marseilles express? So am I; but I do not travel far."

He explained to Frantz that he had missed the Orleans train and that he was about returning to Savigny by the Lyons line; then he spoke of Risler Aine, of the manufactory.

"It appears that their affairs have not been getting on well for some time past. They have been nipped in the Bonnardel failure. Ah, our young folks had better take care! From the fashion in which they are steering their bark, as much can happen to them as to Bonnardel. But, pardon, I believe that the wicket is about to close. Au revoir."

Frantz had scarcely heard what had been said to him. The ruin of his brother, the fall of the entire world, nothing mattered more to him. He waited—he waited.

But the wicket closed hastily, like a last barrier before his fond hope. The depot was again empty. The noise was removed, transported upon the road; and suddenly a loud whistle shriek, which lost itself in the night, came to the lover like an ironical adieu.

The ten o'clock train had gone.

He strove to be calm and to reason. Evidently she must have missed the Asnieres train; but knowing that he was waiting for her, she would come no matter at what hour of the night. He would wait longer. The room was made for that.

The unhappy man seated himself upon a bench. They had closed the large windows where the darkness had plaited itself with the glosses of varnished paper. The female bookseller, half asleep, busied herself with arranging her stand. He looked mechanically at the files of variegated volumes, the whole library of railroads, the titles of which he had learned by heart during the four hours that he had been there.

There were books that he recognized from having read them under the tent at Ismailia or in the packet boat which had brought him back from Suez, and those common, insignificant romances had all kept for him a marine or exotic perfume. But soon the bookstand was shut up, and he had no longer even that resource to deceive his fatigue and his fever. The toy stand also was put entirely in its enclosure of boards. The whistles, the wheelbarrows, the watering-pots, the shovels, the pitchforks, all the tools of young Parisians in the country for the summer disappeared in a moment. The saleswoman, a sickly creature, with a melancholy look, wrapped herself in an old cloak and went away, her foot-stove in her hand.

Those people had finished their day, had prolonged it until the last minute with that courage and infatuation of Paris which does not put out its lights before dawn.

This idea of long waking made him think of a well known chamber in which the lamp burned low at this hour upon the table loaded with birds and bugs, but this vision traversed his mind rapidly in the chase of disordered thoughts which the delirium of waiting bred in him.

All at once he realized that he was dying of thirst. The cafe of the depot was yet open. He entered it. The night waiters were asleep upon the long upholstered seats. The floor was damp with the rinsings of glasses. They took an infinite time to wait on him; then, at the moment of drinking, the idea that Sidonie had perhaps arrived during his absence, that she was seeking for him in the waiting-room, made him rise with a start and rush away like a lunatic, leaving his glass full and his money upon the table.

She would not come.

He felt it.

His step, which echoed throughout the whole length of the porch before the depot, monotonous and regular, set his teeth on edge as he heard it, as if it were a proof of his solitude and of his discomfiture.

What had happened? What could have kept her back? Had she been sick, or was it premature remorse on her part? But in that case she might have sent Madame Dobson. Perhaps, also, Risler might have found the letter. She was so foolish, so imprudent.

And whilst he bewildered himself thus with conjectures, the hour advanced. Already the lops of the houses of Monceau plunged in darkness, were brightening and becoming distinct. What should he do? He would go to Asnieres at once, to try to learn something, to inform himself. He wished to be there that moment.

His resolution taken, he descended the steps of the depot with a rapid tread, meeting upon his way soldiers loaded with their knapsacks, poor people arriving for the morning train, the train of the poverty-stricken who rise early.

He traversed Paris in the feeble dawn, melancholy and shivering Paris, in which

A JOY OF CHILDHOOD.

the lantern of the police stations threw its red light to a great distance and which the *sergents de ville* marched over two by two, stopping at the angle of the streets, scrutinizing the darkness with a look.

Before one of these stations, he saw a crowd gathered, rag-pickers, country women. Without doubt some drama of the night which would have its denouement before the police justice. Ah! if Frantz had known what that drama was; but he could not divine its nature and regarded it from afar with indifference.

Suddenly, all these uglinesses, this dawn which broke upon Paris with fatigued paleness, these lamps blinding on the borders of the Seine like the war candles of a mortuary watch, the weariness of his sleepless night, enveloped him in a profound sorrow.

When he reached Asnieres, after a walk of two or three hours, it was like an awakening.

The rising sun, in all its glory, lighted up the land and the water. The bridge, the houses, the quay, all had that purity of morning which gives the impression of a fresh day springing luminous and smiling from the thick mists of the night. From a distance he perceived his brother's dwelling, already aroused, the blinds open and the flowers on the window-ledges. He strayed about for some time before daring to enter.

Suddenly somebody hailed him from the river-bank:

"Ah, M. Frantz! You are here early today?"

It was Sidonie's coachman who was going to give his horses a bath.

"Anything new in the house?" asked Frantz, in a tremble.

"Nothing new, Monsieur Frantz."

"Is my brother at home?"

"No; Monsieur slept at the manufactory."

"Is anybody sick?"

"No, Monsieur Frantz; nobody that I know of."

And the horses went into the water up to the middle, scattering the foam in all directions.

Then Frantz decided to ring at the little door.

They were raking off the paths of the garden. The house was in motion; and, despite the early hour, he heard Sidonie's voice clear and vibrating like the song of a bird in the rose bushes in front of the dwelling.

She was speaking animatedly.

Frantz, greatly affected, drew near to listen.

"No, no cream. The *parfait* will suffice. Above everything let it be well iced, and ready at seven o'clock. Ah, and for an *entree*, let me see a little."

She was in full conference with her domestic concerning her famous dinner of the morrow. The sudden apparition of her brother-in-law did not derange her:

"Ah, good day, Frantz!" said she very calmly. "I will be with you in a few moments. We are to have company to dinner to-morrow, customers of the firm, a grand business repast. You will allow me, will you not?"

Fresh, smiling, in the white flounces of her trailing wrapper and her little lace cap, she continued to compose her menu, breathing the cool air which arose from the meadow and the river. There was not upon her calm face the least trace of chagrin or inquietude. Her smooth forehead, that charming astonishment of look which for so long ought to keep her young, her half opened and rosy lips made a strange contrast with the face of her lover, disturbed by his night of anguish and fatigue.

For a long quarter of an hour, Frantz, seated in a corner of the salon, saw defile before him, in their habitual order, all the conventional dishes of a shopkeeper's dinner, from the little warm *patrie*, the Norman aloe and the innumerable ingredients which compose it, even to the peaches of Montreuil and the grapes of Fontainebleau. She did not even spare him the *entremets*.

At last, when they were alone and he could speak:

"You did not then receive my letter?" asked he in a hollow voice.

"Certainly I did!"

She had risen to readjust before the mirror some little curls tangled in her floating ribbons, and she continued as she looked at herself:

"Yes, I received your letter. I was even enchanted to receive it. Now, if the desire should seize you to build a villa, with all the villainous reports with which you have threatened me, I will prove to him that the spite of a criminal passion, repulsed by me as a child, has been the sole cause of your lying accusations! I give you fair warning, my dear—and au revoir!"

Happy as an actress who has just finished a speech with great effect, she passed before him and went out of the salon smilingly, the corner of her mouth turned up, triumphant and without anger.

And he did not kill her!

V.

A DIFFERENT ACT.

The evening before this inauspicious day, a few minutes after Frantz had furiously quitted his chamber in the Rue de Braque, the illustrious Delobelle returned home, all overthrown, with that weary and distracted attitude which he always opposed to contrary events.

"Ah! Great Heavens! my poor man, what has happened to you?" promptly demanded Mother Delobelle, whom twenty years of exaggerated and dramatic mimicry had not yet rendered blasé.

Before replying, the ex-actor, who never failed to preface his least words with some play of the visage learned formerly upon the stage, drew down his mouth in token of disgust and dissatisfaction, as if he were about to swallow that moment something very bitter.

"It is certain," said he, "that these Ritters are either ingrates or egotists, and, without thinking, people very badly bought up. Do you know what I have just learned below, from the porter, who looked at me out of the corner of his eye, laughing at me? Well, Frantz Ritter has gone away. He quitted the house a little while ago and has perhaps left Paris by this time, without even coming to grasp me by the hand, to thank me for the reception which I have given him here. What do you think of that? For he did not bid you adieu either, did he? And notwithstanding that it is not yet a month since he was always thrusting himself in here, without reproach."

Mother Delobelle uttered an exclamation of surprise and genuine vexation. Desiree, on the contrary, did not speak a word, did not make a gesture. Always the same little telcle. The brass wire that she was twisting did not even stop in her agile fingers.

"Have friends!" continued the illustrious Delobelle. "What is it that I have done to this one?"

It was one of his pretensions to believe himself pursued by the hatred of the entire world. That made part of his attitude in life in this wretched one of art.

Gently, with almost motherly tenderness—for there is always something maternal in the indulgent, pardoning affection which these grown-up children inspire—Mother Delobelle consoled her husband, coaxed him, added a delicacy to the dinner. In truth, the poor devil was really affected: Frantz gone, the post of eternal paymaster held formerly by Rister Aine became empty anew, and the setter thought of the comforts he would have to do without.

And to think that beside this selfish and superficial chagrin, there was a real, an immense grief, the grief that kills, and that this blind mother could not see it! But look now at your daughter, unhappy woman. Look at that transparent pallor, at those eyes without tears which shine fixedly as if they burst concentrated their thoughts and their gaze upon an object visible to them alone. Open that little tightly closed soul which is suffering. Question your child. Make her talk, make her weep above all things to take from her the weight that is suffocating her, that her eyes obscured with tears may no longer be able to fix in space that horrible unknown thing to which they are attaching themselves desperately.

Alas!

There are women in whom the mother kills the wife. With this one the wife had killed the mother. Priestess of the god Delobelle, absorbed in the contemplation of her idol, she had imagined that her daughter had come into the world only to devote herself to the same worship, to kneel before the same altar. Both should have but one aim in life: to work for the glory of the great man, to console his forgotten genius. Nothing else existed. Never had Mother Delobelle noticed the sudden blushes of Desiree as soon as Frantz entered the setter's room, not even all her love-stricken girlish detours to talk of him, to bring his name ever and anon into their work-chats, and this for years. Even since the far time when Frantz had departed in the morning for the Ecole Centrale, at the hour when Desiree and her mother lighted their lamp to begin the day. Never had she interrogated those long silences in which confiding and happy youth shuts itself up double-locked with its dreams of the future; and if at times she had said to Desiree whose nuptials she wearied her: "What is the matter with you?" the young girl had had only to respond: "Nothing whatever," and the thoughts of the mother, drawn away for a moment, had immediately returned to their favorite preoccupation.

Thus, this woman who could read the heart of her husband, the least wrinkle of his Olympian and empty forehead, had never had for poor Zizi any of those divinations of tenderness in which the most aged, the dullest mothers grow young again even to the point of unbending to become confidantes and counsellors.

And it is just there that the conscienceless egotism of men like Delobelle has its greatest crime.

It causes others to spring up around it.

The habit, which they have in certain families of giving up everything to a single being, that they gladly sit in the shade the joys and the griefs which are indifferent or useless to that being.

And in what could the juvenile and dolorous drama which swelled with tears the heart of the poor love-stricken girl concern the glory of the great actor?

Nevertheless she suffered terribly.

For nearly a month, since the day on which Sidonie had come to search for Frantz in her coupe, Desiree had known that she was no longer loved and had known also the name of her rival. She did not hate them, she pitied them rather. Only why had he come back? Why had he so lightly given her this false hope? As the unfortunates condemned to the obscurity of a dungeon accustomed their eyes to the gradations of darkness and their limbs to the narrow space, and then, if brought for a moment into the light, find on returning the accustomed place a melancholy, the obscurity thicker, her also, the poor child, this great light come suddenly into her life had left on retiring more sorrowful in all her recollections.

How many tears consumed in silence since that moment! How many chagrins related to her little birds! For this time again it was to them that she had attained her, exacting toil, without respite, that by its regularity, its monotony, the constant return of the same duties, of the same movements, served as a moderator to her thoughts.

And as under her fingers the dead little birds found again a semblance of life, her illusions, her dead hopes, filled with a poison both mortal and subtle, much more penetrating than that which flew in powder around her work-table, flapped their wings still from time to time with an effort mixed with convulsion, a kind of wild mockery of a resurrection. Frantz was not altogether lost to her. Although he now came but rarely to see her, she knew he was there, heard him enter, go out, walk upon the square with an unquiet step, and sometimes, through the half-opened door, she saw his loved silhouette traverse the landing quickly. He had not a happy air. Bah! was not happiness could await him? He loved his brother's wife. And at the thought that Frantz was not happy, the good creature nearly forgot her own grief to ponder only on that of her friend.

That he ever could come back to love her again she knew well was no longer possible. But she thought that perhaps one day she might see him return, amiable

SOMETIME.

BY MRS. MAY RILEY SMITH.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deepest folds of blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see, how while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet we love in tying bow,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But rather pour your sorrow in glad gratitude!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push aside the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart.
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best."

RACHEL BROWN'S MEMORIAL.

A Story of Marriage and Divorce.

BY R. R. ENGLE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

Hopeville, the scene of our story, is a Quaker village, containing some five hundred inhabitants, and is situated in one of the finest parts of the State of Indiana. As I see it through my window it is a fair and lovely picture, nestling as it does under the green, vine-covered hill and bathed in the alternate sunshine and shadow of a June morning.

I am not a Quaker, but I love them. As a class they are little known to most people. They are generally thought to be a society of religious fanatics who wear queer-looking clothes and long faces, and talk in a solemn strain. But the Quakers I know—and I know a great many—are far from being fanatics, and are the best, warmest hearted people in the world; abounding in good deeds and words of sweet consolation to the oppressed. They have very little to do with the surrounding world, except where duty demands, and then their charity is extended with open heart.

Among all my Quaker friends there is not one in whom I have more faith than in Rachel Brown. It is in compliance with a request from her, that this story is presented to the world, accompanied with the petition to the people to fly with her to the rescue, and demand of the legislators of the nation that every divorce law be stricken from the statute books, and that the command of God be implicitly adhered to.

I have been impressed that a loose divorce system is ruinous to a country by seeing so much of the ruin wrought.

But I have never seen how it could be remedied. Can it be possible that Rachel's plan is the only safe one?

The evils that are seen in this story are only a few of those that exist—a very few; but I think they are worthy of consideration. But whatever it may be worth I submit to the candid reader, just as it was submitted to me.

CHAPTER II.

THE CARSONS.

I would have judged Gideon Carson to be fifty-five years of age. He was a large man with short, thick, iron-grey, and stubbed beard of the same color, though, perhaps, approaching near to white; he had steel-grey eyes, shaggy eye-brows, large nose, and wide mouth, and a large brown mole diadgured his cheek; his shoulders were broad and a little inclined to stoop, and the rest of his body was in proportion.

This is an outline pen picture of the man who figures most largely in my story.

Gideon Carson was considered by most of his neighbors a "smooth-tongued swindler." He generally talked through his white teeth with his mouth spread into a mechanical smile, while his eyes shone with a cat-like glow which was so translated by his neighbors, as to say, "you are very nice, but I must devour you!"

The lane of Mr. Carson's life was his indomitable thirst for influence and position in society. He had run through with a moderate fortune in an attempt to acquire these, but to-day he stood further away from the coveted goal than ever. He had become desperate; money he must have at any reasonable cost.

It was dangerous to steal, but a gleam of fiendish light pointed out to him the idea of marrying his remaining daughter advantageously. To this end he set about; but wealthy lovers were few, and he had met with no great success in his scheming.

Amelia, the daughter in question, was young and beautiful. She had all the graces that are so charming in a young lady, lacking, perhaps, more than anything else the requisite of firmness of character. She was like a wild singing bird, in her charming simplicity and with proper culture she would have made a noble and beautiful woman.

Amelia had plenty of lovers, but the one for whom she held the warmest place in her heart was Caleb Bostwick, a young man with no fortune but a heart full of love and withal, a keen tact for "getting on in the world," as the old saw goes.

Mrs. Carson was a poor, dried-up piece of womanhood, upon whose face the sallow skin hung in wrinkles, and the words which now and then issued from the skinny, toothless mouth were but echoes of her husband's talks. She was a mere shadow any way you look her, and an example of what a woman may become when cursed with such a husband.

Gideon Carson disapproved of Amelia's marriage with Caleb Bostwick, because Caleb was too poor to suit Gideon's ambitious purposes.

Mrs. Carson thought Amelia ought not to harbor any love for Caleb, "because father don't want you to, honey," and so it continued. Caleb was languishing with love for the pretty girl, but without a sign of hope.

At last, however, he resolved to make one more grand effort, and, if possible, overcome all difficulties and win the heart and hand of her he loved, and if defeated to give up in despair. Accordingly he made the important visit.

* * * * * * * * *

"I'll leave it all to father," said Amelia, who really thought her father very tyrannical. "If he says so, I'll be your wife. I think I could love you."

The yearning man overjoyed at this seeming victory, sought the presence of Amelia's father; but Gideon vetoed it! And he said it in such a way that Caleb's ardor was dampened, but he still carried Amelia's answer in his breast. He was repulsed but not entirely vanquished, and he resolved to wait a while.

"Amelia, I hope that any arrangements you have made with this plebeian will be busted forthwith," said Gideon, with his toothsome smile.

Amelia was wounded, but she replied with a sort of snappish levity, the *tie* scarcely smarting her throat.

"Hem! I have made none."

"I *think* you understand your *station* well enough," said Gideon, putting on a dignified air, "not to throw yourself to the dogs. When you marry, let it be to a man worthy of the heart and hand of a Carson."

Amelia blushed scarlet. Mrs. Carson drew a whistling sigh between her toothless jaws, and said, unnoticed by any one in particular:

"Augusty throwed herself away on a penniless wretch."

A silence of some moments ensued, when Gideon Carson remembered that his wife had spoken, bethought him what she had said and answered patronizingly.

"Well, of she didn't, she did a'most. Augusty won't git a rich—he'll will it all to his first wife's children. She was a fool, anyway, for marryin' him, but marry she must!" The last hissed between his teeth.

"I've my opinion of Bostwick, anyway," continued Carson, after rather a stubborn silence, but what his opinion was he did not inform his audience at that time.

"I don't see why some women ever marry!" whined Mrs. Carson. Gideon had said that once or twice word for word. This was the echo.

"As I say," said Gideon, smiling complacently. "Now there was Augusty, nearly as purty as Amelier. She might a married a man with ten thousan', an' here's Elmore's entire possessions, to-day, wrapped in his own stingy skin, wouldn't fetch five thousand, an' us, a respectable family, forced to endure them because they're akin to us. Augusty's a fool!"

The fact is, Gideon was a bankrupt—had taken the benefit of the "bankrupt law," thereby cheating his creditors out of their money and leaving himself protected from their demands forever. He needed money; he had in vain tried a hundred ways to get it. His oldest daughter had married a man almost as poor as her father, who would not think of embarking in any scheme to give Carson a grab at the money. Amelia, his other daughter, wanted to marry a penniless man—what wonder was it that he was out of humor?

CHAPTER III.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

What a blessing are grandfathers, and what a double blessing if they are thoughtful, rich and ready to die!

Of course Caleb was in a quandary. Of course he mourned over the love lost to him forever; but circumstances alter cases.

All of a sudden everybody was surprised and delighted and pained withal—including Caleb and Gideon Carson—by Caleb's maternal grandfather stepping in—or stepping out—and bequeathing the young man a beautiful and valuable farm. It was good fortune beyond his most sanguine expectations; but a lonely thought came like a mist over him, chasing and chilling his pleasant reverie. Amelia would not come and enjoy it with him. With her it would be a paradise, without her a field of thorns.

* * * * * * * * *

"Amelia, my daughter, circumstances alters cases. I tou love this young man an' I had no earthly objection to him but his poverty. As fur as *I* know he is a virtuous young man," said Gideon to his daughter, with a characteristic smile, by way of apology.

Amelia was delighted. She loved Caleb because he was clever and passably handsome, but now the fine farm added its weight, and of course she would be delighted to marry him. She was elated. "Dearest father, I wish——" but what did she wish?

"My daughter," continued Gideon. "I am willin' to sanction your marriage with Caleb anytime; but we have let that bird go; he will be harder to catch next time."

Amelia shuddered; she had not thought of this.

"Do you think he still loves?" asked Gideon.

"I th nk so," she answered.

"You don't know then?"

"No."

"Well, if one trap won't catch him another will!" and Gideon smiled.

He spent a few moments in deep thought then he spoke:

"Has Wade been here lately?"

Amelia blushed.

"No, but he will be here Sunday evening."

"Very well." And Gideon relapsed again into thought. At length he spoke, a light of triumph in his eyes.

"Amelier, do you wa'nt to marry Bostwick?"

Amelia blushed, but did not answer.

"Speak, girl! this is business; no nonsense, now. I would like to lengthen the string of love an' marriage, but s'pose I never shall. But to business—do you?"

"I s'pose so," turning the ring on her finger confusedly.

"Well, do as I tell you and he'll be at your feet in less n no time."

Then Carson went on to tell her his plan of action; and as every effort of cunning and deceivabe was to bring the lover to her side and at last carry off the prize by marrying him.

"An' mind you, Amelier, you're to play the martyr an' tell somebody so he'll git to hear it, that I am a tyrannical, an' that you'd be willin' to marry Caleb ef you had to run off with him. I tell you Caleb'll be all right," and Gideon gave way to a good-natured cackle.

* * * * * * * * *

"It worked like a charm, didn't it, wife?"

It was a week after the wedding and Mr. Bostwick and his young wife had just taken up their abode in the old homestead, and Mr. Carson and his wife sat alone at home.

"Like a charm," echoed the wife, much as an automaton might.

"Like a charm!" continued the delighted Carson; "there we are a respectable family, with a respectable son-in-law, with every bit an grain o' twelve thousan'."

"Twelve thousan'," echoed Mrs. Carson.

"Twelve thousan' dollars ain't to be grinned at," continued Mr. Carson. "Caleb has the best farm in the county; he can sell it for the money anyhe, as if good fortune long unlooked for, had come in a storm, almost dethroning his wits.

Caleb Bostwick and Amelia had actually married and they were settled at the old home where Caleb's mother was born. As I have intimated before, Caleb had a natural tact for getting along and now that a considerable sum of money had been left in his hands, he readily saw an opportunity to add to his fortune by investing in live stock.

His investment proved to be very profitable, and after his first sale he deposited considerable money in the bank, and before his new neighbors realized it he was a heavy stockholder in their midst.

The home affairs progressed I suppose much as they usually do in such cases—very lovingly at first, and by degrees settling into the state of "man and wife."

It was a year after the marriage that Caleb stopped at his father-in-law's one morning in a low humor, though not one flurried in state of mind, and to Gideon's "How's the folks?" he answered:

"Hem, well enough I guess; got a baby you see," like listless pure and white, unfold.

"Got a baby, eh? Well, that's business! Wife, do you hear that? Amelier's got a baby. Boy or girl?" (to Caleb).

"Boy," said Caleb, laconically.

"Listen at that, wife; a boy, eh?"

Gideon Carson fairly outdid himself in his characteristic smiles to-day; for did not the boy give him a stronger hold on Caleb's money "if anything should happen, you know."

The reader must pardon me for passing so lightly over the fortunes of Bostwick; for, however pleasant it might be to dwell on them, we hasten to the more important part of the story.

CHAPTER IV.

RACHEL BROWN'S "DINNER."

Of all the holidays in the round year, Christmas is the most popular in Indiana.

At New Year's the excitement has about burned out. Such a sometimes celebrated by the young folks in eating eggs till they are sick for a week afterwards, but it is not a general holiday; the glorious Fourth comes right in the midst of heat harvest, and consequently none but the town folks can celebrate it; Thanksgiving is well enough for Yankees, but Christmas, dear old Christmas day! How it true Hoosier's heart will throb at the sound! Everybody must either make a dinner or go out to one (unless I except the Quakers), besides making all the noisy demonstrations that belong to the holiday.

Rachel Brown made a dinner. Such a proceeding was almost unheard of among the Friends at Hopeville. Some of the more strict Quakers shook their heads when they heard of it, but Rachel told them that she only meant to have a few of her dearest friends, and make it a very qualut affair, hearing off the dull parade and show.

All the guests were Quakers but Mr. and Mrs. Allliston and their children; and for the time being, instead of Mr. and Mrs. they were Cousin Sam and Rachel.

"Mary, thee seems so near to me that I could not think of having my quiet dinner without thee and thine," explained Rachel, as she stood at the front gate; "thee knows that it is not common for us to make any extra parade on this day, but I know thee'd either be out or have others in to see thee, so I said to Paul: 'Let's have Conrad and Mary to dinner on Christmas-day.' Paul was right in, and amended by adding others, and the end of it was, we have a party to-day! Paul's a strange man anyhow, don't thee think so, Mary?" And Rachel laughed musically.

"Indeed I do; but he's a man to be proud of," answered Mary.

"Now don't thee make me jealous, or I'll call Conrad back and double thee in again for company." This had been a family sleigh, at the front gate; "thee knows that it is not common for us to make any extra parade on this day, but I know thee'd either be out or have others in to see thee, so I said to Paul: 'Let's have Conrad and Mary to dinner on Christmas-day.' Paul was right in, and amended by adding others, and the end of it was, we have a party to-day! Paul's a strange man anyhow, don't thee think so, Mary?" And Rachel laughed musically.

"Indeed I do; but he's a man to be proud of," answered Mary.

"Now don't thee make me jealous, or I'll call Conrad back and double thee in again for company." This had been a family sleigh, at a time for getting divorces, I'm almost afraid to let any one admire Paul;" and Rachel laughed again a rippling laugh that made one feel happy to hear it. Her nature was too full of vivacity to be held within her drab garments. I wonder if her laugh was so very sinful?

"Here Rachel, let me take thy wraps; go to the fire and warm thyself good before the room is crowded; why, girl, thee's nearly as big as thy mother. I suppose thee'll be lonesome to-day with an old folks. I've a mind to send after Charles Lewis. I've picked him out for thy husband. Don't blush so my dear, there's no harm in marrying a Quaker. Thy mother was a Quaker, and I'm sure thee couldn't find a better mother if thee'd hunt the township over."

"No indeed!" said Ashley, warmly. I've the best mother in Christendom."

"You shouldn't flatter me befor my children, Rachel, if at all," said Mary; and Rachel answered by a laugh as she disappeared into another room.

The dinner was good, and was served at one o'clock. At two, the entire company gathered in Rachel's pleasant parlor. It was very plainly furnished, but through all its homely details you saw so much study and taste that in a moment you decided Rachel's home to be happy one. The conversation was general, and in the course of the afternoon drifted into the subject of marriage.

"I have never had my say about the marriage relation," said Rachel, in her usual lively vein, "and to-day I mean to be heard."

"Hear, hear!" cried Deborah Whateoat, a young Quakeress who had never been married.

"Well, then, my fellow-citizens, as the politicians would say, my position is that the State has nothing to do with marriage."

"I'm afraid, Rachel, thee speaks too lightly," said Paul, mildly.

"I know I do, but I feel light-hearted today, and am apt to speak lightly," and Rachel looked rather more staid than was her habit.

"I think there means that marriage is sacred to God and spiritual things, that although we may make our vows before men the real covenant is made before God, who alone can and does consecrate a marriage, said Paul.

"That is about it, but I want the marriage relation to be free from all legal sanction or interference. For instance, I believe the laws of this State say that marriage is a contract between a man and a woman; I do not think the Bible recognizes it as such."

"I like the Friends' manners of marrying," said Deborah; "I do not want a preacher to marry me, much less a Justice of the Peace; I want God to do it."

"I am afraid Deborah does not see the usual marriage ceremony in a proper light," said Mr Allliston, "she will admit the necessity of a temporal law, but what would even the marriage relation be worth if it were not protected by a temporal law?"

"Protected with a vengence!" cried Rachel, "I can count a dozen pairs that have been divorced within the last year, and at least three of these pairs have found that they were mistaken, have gone to a Justice and been remarried! That looks like protection, doesn't it?

"I am of your opinion as to marriage; I believe true marriage is of God; but still there is a human law to be satisfied which does not in the least conflict with the divine law, nor the sacredness of marriage," said Mr. Allliston.

"But thy doctrine leaves so much room for evil," said Rachel, "according to my plan, if marriage man and wife are inseparably united—the words are made one flesh—they *must* remain one forever. If this were understood before the wedding they would not allow themselves to be so much flurried by the petty trials of married life. Those little awkward trials are the foundation and generally the only excuse for divorce and consequent life-long misery."

"Rachel is right!" cried Deborah.

"Hold on, Debby," said Mr. Alliston, laughing. "Rachel is enough for me. You must give me a chance for my life."

"I believe that's so, Rachel, or rather her doctrine is enough for thee," said Deborah.

"But Rachel would you have a man and a woman live together when it was not possible for them to live happily so? or, if they could not live so comfortably?" asked Mr. Alliston.

"Let them be sure beforehand that marriage is proper for them; there will be some way provided afterwards if it is right."

"But it is human to err."

"Very true; but let them who sin bear the penalty."

"But, but! Rachel, thee must be charitable," said Paul.

"Yes, yes, I know. I am so enthusiastic that I run into extremes. But I think if there was no escape possible everybody would learn to bear and forbear," said Rachel.

"Your people cannot sympathize with the outside world, I don't believe there are many who could be Quakers?"

A laugh followed.

"Now my wife has been the making of me; if I had married an ordinary woman I don't know where I might have been by this time."

"O, well, I s'pose thee is an exception to the rule," laughed Paul Brown; "it least thee gets along well enough among thy family and friends. But I think it is very much as Rachel says, there are a great many who will take advantage of the existing loose divorce laws, and when a heart is broken, and many an otherwise good person is wronged and led into evil who might have been ornaments to society and a blessing to the community."

CHAPTER V.

CARSON SEES AN OPPORTUNITY.

It is no wonder fatalists are so plenty since strange incidents follow each other so closely. I have a curious record to make in this chapter of my story. A chain of incidents so closely connected, gave a new impulse to the scheming brain of Gideon Carson, and a new course of action was laid out.

First, Augusta, his oldest daughter, who had been living, to all appearances, happily with her husband for three years suddenly quarreled with him and they separated.

Next came a suit for divorce, which was granted her with an allowance of two thousand dollars.

Scarcely had this taken place, when Augusta sickened and died without children, leaving her money to her father. It would seem unnatural that such an event should please a parent. Gideon was pained. It was so sudden. Perhaps had Augusta lingered and sunk to the grave at the mercy of slow consumption, Gideon's callonsed heart would not have been moved, he might have begrudged her the money to pay for her medicines, and the time spent in nursing her. But as it was, he really felt the sorrow he manifested.

But in the sky of a man so steeped in avarice as was Gideon Carson the clouds of sorrow do not long stay. Money to such a man is a sure and speedy antidote to the poison of sorrow, and before Amelia had been laid in her grave a week Mr. Carson was thinking over several best ways of investing his newly acquired fortune. Suddenly his face lighted up and he exclaimed, "I have it!"

That evening as his wife sat knitting—knitting in the same cold, mechanical way she had done for years—click—click—and Gideon opposite doing the same, as was his usual habit, he broke out:

"Say, wife?"

"Well," said she languidly, her dead blue eyes looking unmeaningly at him.

"There's a good many things to see to in this world besides bread and dinner, don't you think so?" said Gideon.

"Right smart," said Mrs. Carson.

Her needles said "click-click" with as much thought as she answered:

"I think so, but don't you mention a syllable of what I tell you, mammy."

"I'll not."

Gideon need not have cautioned her thus, but he always did. She trusted too much in him to take any thought of his business and his plans as well as his caution were forgotten in an hour. This mattered naught to Gideon, for his plans must be talked over to some one, and since Amelia was dead he had talked them over to his wife.

"Of course we are sorry to loose Augusta," began Carson, apologetically.

"Of course we are," echoed the wife. This was a subject that interested the mother's heart.

"But as it had to be so, we are glad she left her money to us," said Gideon.

"Oh yes. And it is just as well to our advantage."

"Certainly."

"As I said before, there's a right smart more to look after besides bread and dinner, an' to my mind if a fellow don't look out for number one, nobody'll look out for 'im. I could a done well by Augusty's man if he'd a let me; and so could I by Caleb, but Caleb's got an idea he knows it all, an' he won't even let me advise him."

"No, he won't," said his wife. She was thinking of Augusta.

"Now Amelier's got a fine boy—as nice a boy as ever lived I reckon—an' he's right a while, finding the little elephant harmless, they tried to eject him, but could not. Presently there was a commotion at the entrance, and the keepers through the head, rushed off on the trail of the young one. The keepers followed fast on horseback, and overtook the head in 5 minutes, when she had captured the young one and was endeavoring to induce it to come back. The baby elephant had entered Hang Lee's gambling house, a new place, entered by a narrow incline from the street.

When the young elephant entered, the Chinamen sought the banks for safety. In the midst of a number of open safes and drawers the outsider apparently attracted by the smell, poked his trunk about in the banks, and sniffed up the fragrance of the pipe, to the horror of the Chinamen. After, a while, finding the little elephant harmless, they tried to eject him, but could not. Presently there was a commotion at the entrance, and the mother,

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Saturday Evening, February 17, 1877

DEATH OF AN OLD FRIEND.

Many of the long time readers of the POST, will hear with sorrow of the death of Mr. Edmund Deacon, who for a long time was one of its publishers. His decease occurred in this city, very suddenly, from apoplexy Feb. 6th. Mr. Deacon was a man of great energy, of the highest integrity, genial in his manner, and beloved by a large circle of friends. Although sixty-seven years of age, his prospects for long life were apparently good; only the day before his death, he was at this office apparently in perfect health. Though thus suddenly stricken, he was not unprepared, and he rests from his labors.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF FAILURE

It is not the easiest thing to achieve complete failure. The way supposed to be the least difficult is full of toil and torture; that is to refrain from success by simply and persistently doing nothing. Although little skill need be exercised, there must be a vast amount of patient resistance. It will require the stolidity of a clam, and the firmness of a mule.

A vessel of water surrounded by fire, must be marvelously strong not to boil or burst. So we cannot withhold admiration from the man who does not get up even a simmer, while the whole world around him is seething with forces more quickening than flame. He is a vast magazine of still energy; like a steadfast mountain he resists anything short of volcanic force. His soul must ache with repression. It may be a merciful dispensation that holds him immovable. His inertia once transformed into momentum would be a fearful force. "And he got to going and he couldn't stop" would be his fitting epitaph, after he had crushed all before him, and dashed himself to destruction against final inevitability.

The man who scatters himself, and thereby fails, has no easy task. Who would not prefer combat with a full-grown mastiff, than with a pack of terriers, or a nest of hornets. Such are the men without definite aim in life; branching off into every road that opens, always involved in a maze of uncertainty and perplexedness, striving to come out somewhere, but never getting out. It is tenfold easier to follow a definite path though it may lead through tangled thickets and up rugged mountains, there will be light all the way shining down from the mark to be reached.

The hardest lot of all is his, who insures failure from the beginning, by working for an unworthy end; for a purpose outside of himself. It may be heaps of gold, thrones of power, frantic shouts of applauding multitudes, for which he binds himself to slavery. He may bring the noblest powers into the strife; by and by he shall starve surrounded by plenty, and strive to quench this thirst from the cup of Tantalus.

TWO KNOCKS IN LIFE.

Birth is generally considered the first great epoch in a man's life. It is the proper era to date from in reckoning the progress of years, but it does not have that abiding place in a man's consciousness which many subsequent events make for themselves by the thoughts and emotions they awaken, and the memories they originate.

The first pair of boots stand as an enduring monument of a new departure, a real epoch of existence. The fabled seven-leagued boots could make no stride like that which the youngster takes in his first pair; with them, he steps from childhood, insignificant, dependent, and subservient, into the conception of masterful manhood. His little strut provokes a smile, but it is full of meaning, and big with promise. From his new elevation he has caught a glimpse of amazing possibilities, and he confidently strides forward to achieve them. It is as when the first tiny leaves of the sprouted acorn proclaim the future oak. The resounding thud of his emphatic little [illegible] is the prophecy of the future tread that may make the world tremble. It is a sound to strike terror to a mother's heart, the ominous warning that she will lose her boy that another may win a man.

The second memorable epoch is shaving time. The first era came with little forethought or anticipation; it had much of the joy of a glorious surprise. Not so with the second momentous period. Long has it been anxiously awaited. No enthusiastic cultivator ever looked forward with intenser solicitude for the upspringing blades of the expected crop. He fondles his chin caressingly, coaxing forward his latent hopes, and studies his glass as though it were the mirror of fate. Stealthily and with unsteady hand he harvests his first young crop of manhood; his secret exultation is all too precious for the gaze of the world or the sympathy of friends. Ah, the thrill that tingles from the finger tips through the whole frame of the young man, as he passes his hand over his first chin stubble and thus realizes that the first of a succession of manhood's harvests is indeed reaped!

Smile as we must at these joys of the youth over this first fruition of his longings, it is with a sigh that we see him now about to learn how small may be the return made by the largest hopes; what slight residuum from condensing the rainbow!

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERIES.

Too much credit is given to accidents. The books are full of accounts of discoveries and inventions made by their means. An apple falling on the head of Newton gives him the idea of gravitation; an accidental look through two spectacle glasses invents the telescope; the casual kick of a dead frog's leg in the study of Galvani, ends in the laying of the Atlantic cable. These and hundreds of other instances of accidental discoveries are apparently discouraging to laborious study and research, and equally stimulative of a belief in good luck, and encouraging to those who are waiting for some such stroke of fortune to open their way to great achievements.

Now thousands of apples had fallen on thousands of heads long before Newton's time; but the only result was a scratching of those heads to relieve the effects of the bump. It was only when the right head was hit, that the scratching (metaphorically) amounted to something. Newton had made it a rule of life that when he once gave his attention to a subject, he did not leave it until he had learned all that he could find out about it. No doubt his brains were of the best, but this would have availed little had he not made the best use of them; and to this fact his great discovery is due.

Not one person in ten thousand would have cared to investigate the curious phenomenon of the motion of the frog's leg when touched by the metal. "It's singular, is it not?" would have been remarked, and the subject would have been dismissed. But here was a man who had learned to ask questions of nature; and when such an occurrence presented itself, he set to work to know all that could be learned about it, and the most splendid discoveries of modern times have been developed by following up his researches.

Just as many such accidents are happening nowadays as ever, only they do not "happen in the best of families," that is in those best fitted to take advantage of them. If one would reap the benefits they may confer, he must first have his brains ready; and this can be done only by their daily exercise; by keeping his eyes open and his thoughts alert, ready to demand a reason of everything about him. If the young were taught to do this we should hear less of "waiting for something to turn up," and improvement in every direction would advance with increased rapidity.

A NEGLECTED ART

The art of letting things alone sadly needs to be studied.

You visit the house of a friend. The first salutations are overwhelming. The parties try to fully express their gladness, leaving nothing to be inferred on your part. They grasp your hand and shake, and shake, and as they find words they still shake, until the ague of gladness is satisfied, and your aching fingers rejoice in the release.

Then what an uncomfortable stir to make you comfortable. What arrangement of furniture, drawing of blinds, ostentatious inquiries after your likes and dislikes; whether the temperature of the room is right; whether you can dine at their hour; what dishes you are fond of, and how they shall be cooked! Oh! why can't they let you alone; much lack of service would be less distasteful than this gushing effusiveness in which you feel fairly swamped.

Or you have been subject to the unsatisfied and unsatisfiable fussiness of friends during sickness: the ten thousand questions, continuous suggestions, never ending attempts to make you more comfortable with the only result of making death seem welcome.

Then there are the advisers who torment young people, the bores who aggravate old ones, the people who want to know about everybody's business but their own, and busts more, who like gnats, mosquitoes and wasps torment humanity, until we are fain to cry out, "let us alone; why are we tormented before our time."

It may be they are necessary to develop that patience without which no character is perfect; but what a horrible fate for them to contemplate, that when the patient ones, fully perfected by their means, shall have been transplanted to the clime of rest, these shall be left to be reciprocally tormented, and none of them, from long habit, shall be able to let another alone, and so eternal unrest shall be their portion.

Think of it ye good-natured, friendly, fussy, aggravating obtruders, and begin to learn the art of letting alone.

A WHEELING, VA., man has a pair of gloves made from human skin tanned. This is a handy memento of the departed.

THE OLD MILL.

BY CHARLES S. LARNED.

'Twas by the old mill resting ruined where the moss grows and the vine,
That I, one evening late in summer, called a rare sweet maiden mine;
We, fair Gertrude and myself, stood just above the idle stream,
That, since the water-wheel was broken, laughed along to pierce its dream.
And the shady dark old elms grew dense and cool above us there,
While the golden light of sunset quietly touched sweet Gertrude's hair;
Stole its way through countless branches, as that day of life—the last,
Steals it through the shady places, where we sit when youth is past.
But of death we did not think then, yet we seemed to feel the sky,
Mad—our lives more holy, sweeter, in that like it we might die!
I did not seem to woo my Gertrude, never spoke one single word,
'Twas the song of stream and sunset, 'twas the life of brown and bird,
That told us then our souls were one with all we felt upon the earth—
Told us that our lives were one with every thing we'd felt from birth!
While alone I'd thought on often just the words that I should say,
When beside my fair young Gertrude, but forgot them in the day—
The day we stopped, as if by chance, near the old moss-covered ruined mill—
Stopped upon our separate life-paths as they edged Love's fairy dell.
She stood by me blushing, wondering, feeling love shone from my eyes,
While I touched her soft soft cheek gently, pointing to the golden skies,
There 'twas that our mutual spirits happy in the setting day,
Waiting with a love eternal—stronger from like mystery,
Which did seem for us to solve it as I took her little hands,
Feeling that (Ways were numbered, Time for us would stay the sand.
Thus it was I wooed my Gertrude in the silence of the day,
By the old mill on the streamlet won her heart thus silently!

MRS PRESTON'S FIRST QUARREL.

BY OLIVE BELL.

At thirty, Charles Preston was a prosperous merchant, doing a flourishing business, in a city out West; and was such a pleasant upright fellow, that everybody—especially old folks and children—looked at him with partial eyes.

All the marriageable ladies in his "set," watched him with covetous eyes; but Charley was blind and deaf to all feminine blandishments until he met pretty Lucretia Waverly, the only daughter of one of his customers.

She was a warm-hearted, vivacious blonde: as fair and almost as fragile as a snowdrop; with eyes like twin forget-me-nots, and an abundance of silky, yellow hair, worn in innumerable brads—coronet fashion—around her shapely head.

Just the woman to bewitch a cool, clear-headed man like Charley Preston, who had lived his thirty years untroubled by any love-dream, and amassed a fortune that would have made him an acceptable husband to any woman with mercenary motives.

But Lucretia Waverly, was not a mercenary woman in any sense of the word. She was the only and petted daughter of a stanuch old country merchant, who, although he indulged his daughter in many ways, never spoiled her by too expensive living; and she would have married Charley Preston if he had been as poor as a church mouse, instead of the prosperous city merchant, who loved her so devotedly, and gave her such costly gifts. She loved him—he loved her, and that was enough.

One beautiful balmy, October day, when the sun lay on the fields and hills around the old Waverly mansion like sheets of pale gold, and the garden-paths were gorgeous with chrysanthemums and fall flowers, the pretty bride-elect was married and said good-bye to her parents and dear old neighbors.

She had no fears for the future as she went out into the world by her husband's side, and the short honeymoon was like a dream to the young wife, who looked on the sun-gilded world through her with the innocent eyes of a child.

After a short sojourn in the East; they returned to the home that had been furnished and filled up for them during their absence. Upholsterers, paper-hangers and painters, had done their work perfectly and Mrs. Preston fairly clapped her dimpled hands with delight when she entered her parlor in her husband's home—a gem of a room furnished in blue and gold.

"Oh Charley," she exclaimed, waltzing around the room with her bewildering hat in her hand, and the color coming and going in her pink cheeks, "this is the loviest room I ever saw. And such pictures!"

Her roaming blue eyes took in the dainty bits of landscapes and rare old Scriptural scenes at a glance. She dropped down on an ottoman, and with a sigh of supreme content, and her husband mentally voted her the loveliest picture in the room.

"Come," said Charley, extending his hand; "if you are not too tired, we will look over the house together. I will have to be at the office to-morrow."

They went, hand-in-hand, from one room to another, and Mrs. Preston pronounced the arrangements perfect. Even the stout Irish servant girl in the kitchen, and little maid-of-all-work, who looked shyly at her young mistress, were inspected and said to be fair ones.

"We will be happy as the day is long," was Mrs. Preston's self-satisfied assertion, as she went into her own room—a cozy retreat, furnished in blue and gray—"and I mean to be such a good wife; and will let nothing in the world take the place of my home duties."

"Indeed, said little wife," said Charley; "and I warn you, Lucretia, not to encourage Cousin Henry Astor's wife in her visits or friendships. She will doubtless call on you in a day or so."

"Mrs. Helen Astor!" said Mrs. Preston in surprise, "why I thought she was the sweetest woman I ever saw. I met her at Mrs. Gray's."

"She is a very fascinating woman, but her attractiveness won't wear. I would not fancy seeing you much in her company."

"Pooh!" interrupted the young Mrs. Preston, as she laid aside her traveling wraps, and seated herself in a low rocker before the fire.

Charley Preston's black brows knit in a slight frown as he leaned his elbow on the low marble mantel, and looked down into the smiling upturned face of his wife.

"Because she is a vain, heartless woman, Lucretia; and has led Henry a miserable life. She is a leader in society, a Woman-Suffragist—and one to believe her own story a perfect slave to a despotic husband."

"I am so sorry," said Mrs. Preston with a half sigh, "I shall be so lonely, and liked her so much."

"Everyone likes her, but she is none the less to be avoided for all that. Few people know her as thoroughly as I do. When she calls, treat her politely, on Henry's account; but do not go any farther."

Mrs. Preston obediently promised to obey her husband's instructions, although in her heart she was sorry that Mrs. Helen Astor's name was to be excluded from the list of her intimates; and when that lady called, which she did in a day or two after the above conversation, Lucretia's welcome was more polite than fervent.

"I am so delighted to have you for a cousin," exclaimed Mrs. Astor, after the compliments of the day had been exchanged. "I must really compliment Charley on his choice of a wife. In a season or two, you will eclipse me."

The little black-eyed beauty laughed merrily, as a flush crept up into the fair face of the young wife, and familiarly seated herself on the sofa, beside Mrs. Preston, who suddenly thought of her husband's warning and looking confused, and felt at a total loss for something to say.

Mrs. Henry Astor was a brun ette of the most approved type. She had a clear olive skin, cheeks like damask roses, jet black hair, and eyes like twin aloes. Her lips were red as scarlet, and her teeth white and small, while her hands, which were small and dimpled, were marvels of whiteness and symmetry. She laid one ungloved palm on Mrs. Preston's pink fingers, and said in a low voice:

"My dear Mrs. Preston, you doubtless think you are a happy woman?"

"Indeed I do," honestly replied Mrs. Preston.

The fashionable Mrs. Astor shrugged her fine shoulders. Her married life had been a miserable failure, and her husband strongly favored the anti-suffragist party.

"Well," sighed she, "I hope the delusion will last. I thought I was the happiest woman on the face of the earth, when Henry married me. But married life is not just what we fancy it in the romantic days of our honeymoon. Mine is a perfect drag."

"How is that?" timidly inquired Mr. Preston. "I have always heard your husband spoken of as a kind, honorable man."

"Pooh!" sneered Mrs. Astor, tossing a few feathery black ringlets out of place. "A kind man to his dumb cattle, and to every one but his husband. Henry is as stiff and stolid as an ox. When he puts his foot down on anything, it's there. He gave me so much a year for my own use, and I have to live on it if I do go like a beggar. He says it's the very last cent he can afford. But I pay him off in his own coin, don't I."

She laughed a hard disagreeable laugh, and innocent Mrs. Preston looked at her wonderingly.

"I suppose you would like to know how, wouldn't you?" she went on, idly toying with her watch-chain. "As you are in the family I suppose I may as well tell you. In the first place I leave the sole care of the house and my two children to the servants. Secondly, I keep all my pleasant words and smiles for company, and snub him in every possible way. Then I flirt with other men —who think I am an angel—and make myself generally useful in the woman's rights movement. Astor detests all such work, and I love it."

She laughed again—a low musical laugh —as if married life and its cares and a loveless home were no trouble to her. Mrs. Preston, guileless as a dove, felt grieved and shocked.

"How did it all begin?" inquired the young wife, an expression of deep commiseration creeping into her blue eyes.

"Just how all matrimonial differences begin," said Mrs. Astor, with a half-yawn. "Henry objected to my mode of dressing, and I resented that of course. I had married a wealthy man, and I was going to dress. Then, he objected to some of my associates, and once, after I had been out four nights in the week, attending the meetings of a 'club' we women had organized, he mildly suggested I should stay at home for the future. I told him no man should rule me, and I went out when I pleased, and danced and flirted, and did everything to annoy him. He gave me fifteen hundred a year to dress on, and I managed to do it, although half the time I'm not fit to be seen."

Mrs. Astor concluded her little speech with a tragic gesture of one little hand and an impatient toss of her handsome head. Mrs. Preston glanced at her rich and becoming carriage dress of soft garnet silk and velvet, and thought it anything but "beggarly." She was sorry for the handsome and really attractive woman, who told her sorrows and acknowled her faults with such charming simplicity. In spite of her husband's warning, she believed Mrs. Astor and thought Henry must certainly be very exacting.

"You do not know how miserable I am," went on the low, sweetly-modulated voice, as Mrs. Astor put a dainty scrap of cambric and lace to her eyes. "If I did not go out so much I would actually die of the horrors."

"It is such a pity. I hope Charley and I will never drift apart in any such a way. Indeed it seems almost impossible that two persons, loving each other as we do, should ever disagree," said Mrs. Preston's earnest voice, for her love for her husband was deep and strong and fervent.

"Don't be too sanguine in your expectations," said Mrs. Astor sharply. "Some day you may wish you had never seen your husband's face. I wish I had never married with me if I had married a different man. But Henry and I have not a thought in common. He is quiet, generous and one of your goodish men, and I—well I suppose there is something wrong in their lives; and I—well I suppose I'm just what that plain spoken husband of yours called me once—'a light-headed fool.'"

Mrs. Preston blushed, and gay Mrs. Astor shook out her silken skirts with a laugh, half-scornful, half-defiant, and added, fixing her black eyes on a fine portrait of Mr. Preston.

"What an elegant picture of cousin Charley. Just the counterpart of one he gave me before I married, and after a few moments delay, Mr. and Mrs. Preston followed him, and were soon in the chamber of the woman, who lay, propped up by pillows, in a great white bed, a ghastly horror on her white face, and in her glittering eyes. Her husband, a sad faced man, with two curley-headed children clinging to his hand, and to the physician, were the only persons in the room.

"Lucretia!" whispered Mrs. Astor, as Mrs. Preston, came forward on her husband's arm, "I am dying. God has punished me at last. I told you a falsehood—a cruel, malicious lie—when I said Charley gave me that picture."

"O, how could you—we quarreled about it," cried Lucretia, the tears rolling down her white cheeks.

"How could I? Why the devil helped me, child. I envied you—I wanted you to be wicked and miserable like myself. I bought it, and knew it would make mischief between you." Her voice sank lower, and she closed her eyes.

"I'm sorry," she went on again. "Forgive me; I have led such a terrible life—fashion, folly, sin—has been my ruin. I've broken his heart, too—my dear patient husband."

She looked pitifully at her husband. In this last hour when her gay butterfly existence, was about to end in the gloom of eternal despair, she felt the need of his loving care and counsel. All her past life, rose up before her like a horrid nightmare.

"O," she cried out in mortal agony, "can nothing save me! I have been such a love," wrathfully cried Lucretia Preston, "and warned me not to encourage Mrs. Astor's visits. But I mean to let him see she can come as often as she pleases, and I'll get the whole story out of her."

Mrs. Preston, in spite of her lovely face and gentle ways, had a temper which was apt to show itself in various unpleasant forms; and after the first burst of tears she relapsed into a fit of the sulks, which Charley's cheerful presence only increased. He attributed her silence and generally depressed appearance to homesickness, and after several ineffectual attempts to coax her into a brighter mood, he let her alone and buried himself in a book.

Mrs. Preston sat in a shadowy corner of the pretty blue and gold parlor, feeling very sad and miserable. It was the first shadow that had ever come between her husband and herself, and watching the frank, honest face before her, she could scarcely think it possible that he could ever love such a gay, thoughtless creature as Mrs. Astor, whom he had spoken so bitterly of.

"Lucretia," he said, looking up suddenly, "was Helen Astor here to-day?"

"Yes," in a careless way.

"Ah!" Charley Preston's fine eyes twinkled merrily. He thought he understood the cause of his wife's sulkiness. But he was not prepared for what was to come.

"She gave you a list of her earthly ills, I suppose?" he laughed.

"And a history—or partly that—of one of your love affairs," sneered Mrs. Preston, in a voice that astonished her husband, who thought her one of the meekest women in creation.

"Mine?" he ejaculated, opening his eyes and dropping his book in amazement, "why I never had one, until I fell in love with you."

"Charley Preston! You tell me that, after what I've seen and heard," with a half sob.

"See here, Mrs. Preston"—Charley was getting excited- "if you are going to believe all that women's balderdash, you have less discrimination than I thought you had."

"She didn't tell me anything but the truth," blurted out Mrs. Preston. "She said she gave you, and gave me your photograph to prove it."

"My picture? The treacherous vixen! She never had such an article in her possession."

"There!" Mrs. Lucretia laid the dainty piece of card-board on the table before him. He looked down at his own pictured face, then up into the angry face of his wife.

"You believe I gave her that picture?" questioned he.

"She says you did," rather meekly replied Mrs. Preston, awed a little by the set sternness of his face.

"And you believe her, of course. Where she got the picture I cannot say, but I never gave it to her. What did she tell you about her own affairs?"

Mrs. Preston went over Mrs. Astor's story as briefly and sulkily as possible.

"If Henry objected to her spending money he was forced to it, for he could not satisfy her extravagant demands on his purse, without ruining himself. The company she objected to were brainless fops, and gentlemen of doubtful reputation. Her temper is vicious, and she is one of the smoothest, most deceiving hypocrits I ever saw. She will leave nothing undone to accomplish her ends, but I cannot imagine what purpose she has in view in telling you such a falsehood."

"I suppose she thinks 'forewarned forearmed,'" doggedly replied Mrs. Preston, who was determined not to be so easily conciliated.

Mr. Preston looked at his wife, a mixture of double anger and sorrow in his face. He mentally anathamatized the woman whose serpent tongue had disturbed his happiness, and he felt angry and grieved that Lucretia should so persistently believe and uphold Mrs. Astor.

"No more of such nonsense," he exclaimed angrily. "I did not give her the picture; and that is all I have to say about it."

"I do not care if you had given her a thousand; only you mightn't have been such a hypocrite, and pretended you never cared for anybody, but me," sobbed the outraged Mrs. Lucretia, as she burst into a storm of reproaches, calling Charley a hard hearted deceitful wretch;" and wished she had staid at home among her flowers's and birds, and finally ended, by declaring she would go home to 'mother.'"

How far this senseless quarrel would have gone, or how many heartaches it would have led too, it is difficult to say; for both parties were thoroughly aroused. But Henry Astor's coachman was suddenly ushered into the room, with a message from his master, that chilled Mrs. Preston to the heart.

"Dying? Helen Astor dying!" Lucretia's lips were white, and her teeth chattered, as she repeated the man's words. She glided swiftly to her husband's side, and laid her warm hand on his, looking up into his face, beseechingly.

"O, Charley *they* are about to be separated forever," she whispered; while Charley drew her closer to his side, as he requested the man to tell him what had happened. Mrs. Astor, the man explained, had gone to a ball, with a married gentleman friend, against her husband's wishes. The horses ran away—overturned the carriage, killing the gentleman, and it was thought, fatally injuring Mrs. Astor.

"Poor woman, poor creature!" was Mr. Preston's only comment. "A home left desolate, through that woman's wicked wiles. Come!" looking at his wife, who bent her head one minute- "Get your wraps. The carriage is at the door, is it not Patrick?"

The coachman nodded, and, backed out of the lovely blue and gold room, with eyes distended, and after a few moments delay, Mr. and Mrs. Preston followed him, and were soon in the chamber of the woman, who lay, propped up by pillows, in a great white bed, a ghastly horror on her white face, and in her glittering eyes. Her husband, a sad faced man, with two curley-headed children clinging to his hand, and to the physician, were the only persons in the room.

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"O," she cried out in mortal agony, "can nothing save me! I have been such a thoughtless wife—such a loveless mother!"

"Live!" said Charley Preston in a deep impressive voice, "and we will help you to lead a better life."

"Too late—too late," she moaned, "Goodbye now, and leave me with Henry, and my children. I never knew their value, until now."

Mrs. Preston kissed the pallid face, Charley took one last sorrowful look at the wretched woman, and they left the room, accompanied by the physician, who declared she could not live an hour.

The husband and wife, who had drifted asunder, were together at last. What was said, no one ever knew; but she fell asleep on his arm, and awoke to life—a blessed earnest loving life—and so well and bravely, did she battle with her sins that had blighted her earlier years, that she became a wife, famous for her gentleness and purity.

As for Lucretia Preston, it is needless to say, she never doubted her husband's love or truth, again; for her first quarrel was her last, and no feeling of anger ever marred the lovely face again.

COUNTERFEIT HALF-DOLLARS.

As these pieces are beginning to show themselves, though not in alarming quantity, a few simple directions for detecting them may be useful, especially in the stores and shops.

Counterfeiters, generally content themselves with the cheap and quiet process of casting, from moulds, though sometimes they strike the pieces from dies. The mould is made from the genuine coin and yields a fac-simile. They use a type metal, somewhat hardened and made sonorous by the addition of copper, and the whole being slightly silvered on its surface, and the *gutè* neatly ribbed out, on the edges—such a piece may pass while fresh and new. They are, however, rather too white and too thick, or of right thickness, too light.

There is something about the genuine coin that ordinarily puts it above suspicion, particularly after the new white surface has given place to the inimitable and permanent nine-tenths tint. It may be abused by heating or staining or by contact with gum-elastic bands. It has been disfigured with tin-foil for the small purpose of provoking a loss. In rare cases it may have a flaw at the edge, or shut in, which destroys the *ring*. But generally it speaks well for itself as to color and sonority.

The genuineness of a half-dollar is something worth looking after to any of us, and especially to a storekeeper, taking them often through the day. It is, therefore, worth the trouble to lean on the counter one or two witnesses—easy to be had.

First, a balance, which need be no more than a thin strip of wood, eight or ten inches long, neatly poised. Place a good piece on one end and the suspected one on the other, and have a weight of three grains at hand; if the difference is more than that decline taking the piece.

A much better instrument would be the one in vogue many years ago for gold, made of brass, and taking not only the weight, but also the guage of diameter and thickness. Any one wishing to see this simple affair, with a view of making it for sale, may call at the office of the undersigned. No doubt it could be sold at fifty cents. It should be adapted to the half and quarter dollar, and perhaps the whole dollar.

Second, a liquid test composed as follows; Twenty-four grains of nitrate of silver in crystals; one grammne (say 15 grains) of nitric acid, and one ounce of water. Any druggist can put this up in a small bottle with a pointed glass stopper, made for filling drops, taking care to use pure ingredients. Remove a little of the surface of the coin by a knife and then touch the piece with a drop from the stopper. If good there will be no action, if bad it blackens at once.

It should be observed this is not the compound we use for examining gold counterfeits and jewelry; and further, some persons use nitric acid alone, which will discolor a good coin as well as a bad one.

As for the pieces struck from dies, they are generally such poor imitations that the taker almost deserves to lose by them. Such a piece dated 1876 is now before me, good color, feel and ring, but only half the weight, but quite too thick. It would be caught by the gauge already mentioned. It is a whitish brass, with silver-plating, more substantial than the electro-silvering.

It is well that the courts and officers of the law are diligent in arresting this business, while the public and the banks throw out spurious offers; so that it will not commonly be necessary to use any other test than the eye.

The writer has chosen to speak mainly of the half-dollar, because these are chiefly complained of, and the lesser pieces are less likely to be imitated. Still some men seem to take a pride in this detestable work, even if it yields small profit. In the long run counterfeiters are never enriched, and their sequel is generally in prison walls.

Dr. Ross,
Assayer, U. S. Mint, Philada.

A MAN WHO KEPT HIS EYES OPEN.

With the death of Sir Titus Salt, Baronet, which recently occurred in England, ends a career which may not inaptly be said to belong to the romance of industry; for the story of how the owner of Saltaire made his fortune is indeed singular. Many years ago there were consigned to a firm of merchants in Liverpool several bales of some strange hairy wool from Australia. Nobody had ever seen the like of it before; nobody thought much of it; and thus it lay stowed away in a shed in the docks as though it were so much lumber. It happened one day that Mr. Titus Salt, a small manufacturer of Yorkshire, was in Liverpool, and, wandering about the docks, he chanced to come across this neglected consignment of seeming rubbish. He examined it, however, and asked if he might be allowed to take some of it away with him. Of course he obtained permission to carry off as much as he pleased. What he did with the sample he thus procured need not be told. Suffice it to say that he returned and offered to purchase the whole of the "rubbish," and became its possessor for a merely nominal sum. This hairy wool, this trash which no one would even look at as a marketable commodity, and of which Mr. Titus Salt secured the monopoly, was alpaca. Such was the way in which the fortunes of the great manufacturer and millionaire, were founded. For years Mr. Salt and his family were the sole makers of that useful material which has grown to be something like a rival to cotton; and the strength of the valuable patent they thus acquired they built a factory which with extensions, has become one of the largest in England.

Hope is a vigorous principle; it is furnished with light and heat to advise and execute; it sets the head and heart to work and animates a man to do his utmost. And thus, by perpetually pushing and assurance, it puts a difficulty out of countenance, and makes a seeming impossibility give way.

BEAUTIFUL VIOLETS.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

Beautiful violets, why do you weep,
Wrapped in your mantle of snow?
Do you fear the rude touch of the cruel Storm King,
Or the cold winds that fitfully blow?

Are you waiting to hear the robin's sweet voice
From the old orchard tree on the hill,
While hillsides and valley, and woodland and glen
Re-echo the fanciful trill?

Do you dream of the hours we spent by the lake
With our old friends, the musical birds?
When from the meadows with daisies o'er-spread,
Came the lowing of numberless herds,

Night after night the dream-angels bring
Sounds of your silvery feet;
Your fairy-like lips with warm kisses glow,
Then hope's full fruition's complete.

Darling companions! smile in your sleep,
Soon, with a look of surprise,
You'll awake, to behold nature radiant and gay,
With a glance from your wonderful eyes.

REALITY.

BY CHARLES READE.

Miss Sophia Jackson, in the State of Illinois, was a beautiful girl, and had a devoted lover, Ephraim Slade, a merchant's clerk. Their attachment was sullenly permitted by Miss Jackson's parents, but not encouraged: they thought she might look higher.

Sophia said, "Why, la! he was handsome and good, and loved her, and was not that enough?"

They said, "No; to marry Beauty, a man ought to be rich."

"Well," said Sophy, "he is on the way to it; he is in a merchant's office."

"It is a long road, for he is only a clerk."

The above is a fair specimen of the dialogue, and conveys as faint an idea of it as specimens generally do.

All this did not prevent Ephraim and Sophia from spending many happy hours together.

But presently another figure came on the scene—Mr. Jonathan Clarke. He took a fancy to Miss Jackson, and told her parents so, and that she was the wife for him, if she was disengaged. They said, "Well, now, there was a young chap after her, but the man was too poor to marry her."

Now, Mr. Jonathan Clarke was a wealthy speculator; so, on that information he felt superior, and courted her forthwith. She complained to Ephraim. "The idea of their encouraging that fat fool to think of me!" said she. She called him o' d, though he was but thirty; and nursed a—person and sentiments into ridicule, though in the opinion of sensible people, he was a comely man, full of good sense and sagacity.

Mr. Clarke paid her compliments. Miss Jackson laughed, and reported them to Slade in such a way to make him laugh too.

Mr. Clarke asked her to marry him. She said no; she was too young to think of that. She told Ephraim she had flatly refused him.

Mr. Clarke made her presents. She refused the first, and blushed, but was prevailed on to accept. She accepted the second and the third without first refusing them.

She did not trouble Ephraim Slade with any portion of this detail. She was afraid it might give him pain.

Clarke wooed her so warmly that Ephraim got jealous and unhappy. He remonstrated. Sophia cried, an' said it was all her parents' fault—forcing the man upon her.

Clarke was there every day. Ephraim scolded. Sophia was cross. They parted in anger. Sophia went home and snubbed Clarke. Clarke laughed and said, "Take your time." He stuck there four hours. She came round, and was very civil.

Matters progressed. Ephraim always unhappy. Clarke always jolly. Parents in the same mind.

Clarke urged her to name the day.

"Never!"

Urged her again.

"Next year."

Urged her again before her parents. They put in their word. "Sophy, don't trifle any longer. You are overdoing it."

"There, there, do what you like with me," said the girl; and ran out, crying.

Clarke and parents laughed, and stayed behind, and settled the day.

When Sophy found they had settled the day, she sent for Ephraim, and told him with many tears. "Oh!" said she, "you little know what I have suffered this six months."

"My poor girl!" said Ephraim. "Let us elope, and end it."

"What! My parents would curse me!"

"Oh, they would forgive us in time!"

"Never. You don't know them. No, my poor Ephraim, we are unfortunate. We can never be happy together. We must bow. I should die if this went on much longer."

"You are a fickle, faithless jade!" cried Ephraim in agony.

"God forgive you, dear!" said she, and wept silently.

Then he tried to comfort her. Then she put her arm round his neck, and assured him she yielded to constraint, but her heart could never forget him; she was more unhappy than he, and always should be.

They parted, with many tears on both sides, and she married Clarke. At her earnest request Slade kept away from the ceremony; by that means she was not compelled to wear the air of a victim, but could fling the cloak of illusory happiness and gaiety over her aching heart; and she did it, too. She was as gay a bride as had been seen for some years in those parts.

Ephraim Slade was very unhappy. However, after a bit, he comprehended the character of Sophia Clarke, see Jackson, and even imitated her. She had gone in for money, and so did he: only, on the square—a detail she had omitted. Years went on; he became a partner in the house, instead of a clerk. Clarke sent their cape at him. But he did not marry. Mrs. Clarke observed this, and secretly approved. Say she had married, that was no reason why *he* should. *Justice des femmes!*

Now you will observe that by all the laws of fiction Mrs. Clarke ought to have learned to her cost that money does not bring happiness, and ought to have been miserable, especially whenever she encountered the pale face of him whose love she valued too late.

Well, she broke all these laws, and went for life as it is. She was happier than most wives. Her husband was kind, but not doting; a gentle master, but no slave; and she liked it. She had two beautiful children, and they helped fill her life. Her husband's gold smoothed her path, and his manly affection strewed it with flowers. She was not passionately devoted to him, but still by the very laws of nature, the wife was fonder of Jonathan than the maid had ever been of Ephraim; not but what the latter remaining unmarried tickled her vanity, and so completed her content.

She passed six years in clover, and the clover in full bloom all the time. Nevertheless, gilt happiness is apt to a rub sooner or later; Clarke had losses one unon another and at last told her he was done for; he must go back to California and make another fortune. "Lucky the old folks made me settle a good lump on you," said he. "You are all right, and the children."

Away went stout-hearted Clarke, and left his wife behind. He knew the country, and went at all in the ring, and began to remake money fast.

His letters were not very frequent, nor models of conjugal love, but they had good qualities; one was their contents—a draft on New York.

Some mischievous person reported that he was often seen about with the same lady; but Mrs. Clarke did not believe that, the remittances being regular.

But presently both letters and remittances ceased. Then she believed the worst, and sent a bitter remonstrance.

She received no reply.

Then she wrote a bitterer one, and, for the first time since their union, cast Ephraim Slade in his teeth. "There he is," said she, "unmarried to this day, for my sake."

No reply even to this.

She went to her parents, and told them how she was used.

They said they had foreseen it—that being a lie some people think it necessary to deliver themselves of before going seriously into any question—and then, after a few pros and cons, they bade her observe that her old lover, Ephraim Slade, was a rich man, a man unmarried evidently for her sake; and if she was wise, she would look that way, and get rid of a mock husband, who was either dead or false, and, in any case, had deserted her.

"But what am I to do?" said Mrs. Clarke, affecting not to know what they were driving at.

"Why, sue for a divorce."

"Divorce Jonathan! Think of it! He is the father of my children, and he was a good husband to me all the time he was with me. It is all that California." And she began to cry.

In short, they pressed her hard to sue for a divorce, and let Slade know she was going to do it.

But the woman was still handsome and under thirty, and not without a certain pride and delicacy that grace her sex even when they lack the more solid virtues. "No," said she, "I will never go begging to any man. I'll not let Ephraim Slade think I divorced my husband just to get him. I'll part with Jonathan, since he has parted with me, and show that I will take my chance. Ephraim Slade? he is not the only man in the world with eyes in his head."

So she sued for a divorce, and got it quite easy. Divorce is beautifully easy in the West.

When she was free, she had no longer any scruple about Ephraim. He lired at a town seven miles from her. She had a friend in that town. She paid her a visit. She let the other lady into her plans, and secured her co-operation. Mrs. X—— set it abroad that Mrs. Clarke was a widow; and, from one to another, Ephraim Slade was given to understand that a visit from him would be agreeable.

"Will it?" said Ephraim. "Then I'll go."

He called on her, and was received with a sweet, pensive tenderness. "Sit down, Ephraim—Mr. Slade," said she, softly and tremulously, and left the room. She had scarcely cleared it, when he heard her tell the female servant, with a sharp, imperious tone, to admit no other visitors. It did not seem the same voice. She came back to him melodious. "The sight of you after so many years upset me," said she. Then, after a pause and a sigh, "You look well."

"Oh, yes! I am all right. We are neither of us quite so young as we was, you know."

"No, indeed," (with another sigh.) "Well, dear friend, I suppose you have heard. I am punished, you see, for my want of courage and fidelity. I have always been punished. But you could not know that. Perhaps, after all, you have been the happier of the two. I am sure I hope you have."

"Well, I'll tell you, Mrs. Clarke," said he, in open manly tones.

She stopped him. "Please don't call me Mrs. Clarke, when I have parted with the name for ever. (*Sotto voce.*) Call me Sophia."

"Well, then, Sophia, I'll tell you the truth. When you jilted me——"

"Oh!"

"And married Cl—— who shall I say? Well, then, married *another*, because he had got more money than I had——"

"No, no. Ephraim, it was all my parents. But I will try and bear your reproaches. Go on."

"Well, then, of course I was awfully cut up. I was wild. I got a six-shooter to kill you and the other."

"I wish you had," said she. She didn't wish anything of the kind.

"I am very glad I didn't, then. I dropped the six-shooter, and took to the moping and crying line."

"Poor Ephraim!"

"Oh, yes! I went through all the changes, and ended as other men do."

"And how is that?"

"Why, by getting over it."

"What, you have got over it?"

"Lord, yes! long ago."

"Oh, in—deed!" said she bitterly. Then with icy insensibility, "How is it you have never married?"

"Well, I'll tell you. When I found that money was everything with you girls, I calculated to go in for money too. So I speculated, like—the other, and made money. But when I had once begun to taste money-making, somehow I left off troubling about women. And, besides, I know a great many people, and I look coolly on, and what I see in every house has set me against marriage. Most of my married friends envy me, and say of each their envy any one of them, and don't pretend to. Marriage! it is a bad institution. You have got clear of it, I hear. All the better for you. I mean to take a shorter road: I won't ever get into it."

This churl then, who had drowned hot passion in the waves of time, and, instead of turning a passion for her all his days, had been hugging celibacy as man's choicest treasure, asked her coolly if there was anything he could do for her. Could he be of service in finding out investments, etc., or could he place either of the boys in the road to wealth? Instead of hating these poor children like a man, he seemed all the more inclined to serve them that their absent parent had secured him the sweets of celibacy.

She was bursting with ire, but had the self-restraint to thank him, though very coldly, and to postpone all discussion of that kind to a future time. Then he shook hands with her and left her.

She was wounded to the core. It would have been very hard to wound her heart as deeply as this interview wounded her pride.

She sat down and shed tears of mortification.

She was aroused from that condition by a letter in a well known hand. She opened it, all in a flutter:

"My Dear Sophy:—You are a nice wife, you are! Here I have been leaving my life out for you, and shipwrecked, and nearly dead with a fever, and coming home rich again, and I asked you just to come from Chicago to New York to meet me, that have come all the way from China and San Francisco, and it is too much trouble. Did you ever hear of Abraham's dog that was so lazy he leaned against the wall to bark? It is very disheartening to a poor fellow that has played a sea 'n part for you and the children. Now be a good girl, and m et me at Chicago tomorrow evening at 5 p. m. For if you don't, by thunder! I'll tase the children and absquatulate with them to Paris, or somewhere. I find the drafts on New York I sent from China have never been presented. Reckon by that you never got them. Has that raised your dander? Well, it is not my fault; so put on your bonnet, and come and meet

Your affectionate husband,
"Jonathan Clarke.

I sent my first letter to your father's house. I send this to your friend, Mrs. X——."

Mrs. Clarke read this in such a tumult of emotions that her mind could not settle a moment on one thing. But when she had read it, the blood in her beating veins began to run cold.

What on earth should she do? fall to the ground between two stools? No; that was a man's trick, and she was a woman, every inch.

She had not any time to lose, so she came to a rapid conclusion. Her acts will explain better than comments. She dressed, packed up one box, drove to the branch station, and got to Chicago. She bought an exquisite bonnet, took private apartments at a hotel, and employed an intelligent person to wait for her husband at the station, and call out his name, and give him a card, on which was written—

"Mrs. Jonathan Clarke,
At the X——Hotel.

This done, she gave her mind entirely to the decoration of her person.

The assertion, when they had done anything wrong, and wanted to be forgiven, used to approach their judges with dishevelled hair and shabby clothes—*sordidis vestibus.*

This poor, shallow woman, unenlightened by the wisdom of the ancients, thought the nicer a woman looked, the likelier a man would be to forgive her, no matter what. So she put on her best silk dress, and her new French hat bought on purpose, and made her hair very neat, and gave her face a wash and a rub that added color. She did not rouge, because she calculated she should have to cry before the end of the play, and crying hard over rouge makes it channel.

When she was as nice as could be, she sat down to wait for her *divorced*; she might be compared to a fair spider which has spread her web to catch a wasp, but is not overafraid that, when he does come, he will dash it all to ribbons.

The time came and passed. An expected character is always as slow to come as a watched pot to boil.

At last there was a murmur on the stairs; then a loud, hearty voice; then a blow at the door—you could not call it a tap—and in burst Jonathan Clarke, brown as a berry, beard a foot long, genial and loud, open heart, Californian manners.

At sight of her he gave a hearty "Ah!" and came at her with a rush to clasp her to his manly bosom, and knocked over a little cane chair gilt.

The lady quaking internally, and trembling from head to foot, received him like the awful Siddons, with one hand nobly extended, forbidding his profane advance. "A step more first, if you please, sir."

Then Clarke stood transfixed, with one foot advanced, and his arms in the air, like Ishmael, when Jonah turned cloud.

"You have ordered me to come here, sir, and you have no longer any right to order me; but I am come, you see, to tell you my mind. What! do you suppose a wife is to be deserted and abandoned, most likely for some other woman, and then be whistled back into her place like a dog? No man shall use me so."

"Why, what is the row? Has a mad dog bitten you, ye cantankerous critter?"

"Not a letter for ten months, that is the matter!" cried Mrs. Clarke, loud and aggressive.

"That is not my fault. I wrote three from China, and sent you two drafts on New York."

"It is easy to say so: I don't believe it." (Louder and aggressiver.)

Clarke (*bawling in his turn.*) "I don't care a fig. I wrote 'em; that's me. Nobody but you calls Johnny Clarke a liar."

Mrs. Clarke (*competing in violence.*) "I believe one thing, that you were seen all about San Francisco with a lady. 'Twas to her you directed my letters and drafts: that is how I lost them. It is always the husband that is in fault, and not the post." (Very amicably all of a sudden:) "How long were you in California after you came back from China?"

"Two months."

"How often did you write in that time?" (Sharply.)

"Well, you see, I was always expecting to start for home."

"You never wrote once." (Very loud.)

"That was the reason."

"That and the lady." (Screaming aloud.)

"Stuff! Give me a kiss, and no more nonsense."

(Solemnly:) "That I shall never do again. Husbands must be taught not to trifle with their wives' affections in this cruel way." (Tenderly:) "Oh, Jonathan, how could you abandon me? What could you expect? I am not old, I am not ugly."

"Confound it all,if you have been playing any games!" and he felt the back of his neck for a bowie-knife.—Californian instincts!

"Sir!" said the lady in an awful tone, that subjugated the husband on the spot.

"Well, then," said he sullenly, "don't talk nonsense. Please remember we are man and wife."

Mrs. Clarke (*very gravely.*) "Jonathan, we are not!"

"What do you mean?"

"If you are going into a passion, I won't tell you anything; I hate to be frightened. What language the man has picked up—in California!"

"Well, that's neither here nor there. You go on."

"Well, Jonathan, you know I have always been under the influence of my parents. It was at their wish I married you."

"That is not what you told me at the time."

"Oh, yes, I did! only you have forgotten. Well, when no word came from you for so many months, my parents were indignant, and they worked upon me so and pestered me so—that—Jonathan, we are divorced."

The actress thought this was a good point to cry at, and cried accordingly.

Jonathan stared at the announcement, swore a heartful, and then walked the room in rage and bitterness. "So, then," said he, "you leave the woman you love, and the children whose smiles are your heaven; you lead the life of a dog for them, and when you come back, the wife of your bosom has divorced you, just because a letter or two miscarried! That outweighs all you have done and suffered for her. Oh! you are crying, are you? What! you have given up faring it out, and laying the blame on me, have you?"

"Yes, dear; I find you were not to blame; it was—my parents."

"Your parents! Why, you are not a child, are you? You are the parent of my children, you little idiot; have you forgotten that?"

"No. Oh! oh! oh! I have acted hastily, and very, very wrong."

"Come, that is a good deal for a pretty woman to own. There, dry your eyes and let us talk over matters."

"What, dine with you?"

"Why, it is not the first time by a thousand."

"La, Jonathan, I *should* like; but I mustn't."

"Why not?"

"I should be compromised."

"What, with me?"

"Yes; with any gentleman. Do try and realize the situation, dear. *I am a single woman.*"

Good Mr. Clark—from California—delivered a string of curses so rapidly that they all ran into what Sir Walter calls a "clish-maclaver," even as when the ringers clash and jangle the church bells.

Mrs. Clarke gave him time; but as soon as he was in a state to listen quietly, compelled him to realize her situation. "You see," said she, "I am obliged to be very particular now. Delicacy demands it. You remember poor Ephraim Slade?"

"Your old sweetheart. Confound him! has he been after you again?"

"Why, Jonathan, ask yourself. He has remained unmarried ever since; and when he heard that I was free, of course he entertained hopes: but I kept him at a distance; and so (sensibly and prudentially) I must you. *I am a single woman.*"

"Look me in the face, Sophy. You won't dine with me?"

"I'd give the world; but I mustn't, dear."

"Not if I twist your neck round—darling—if you don't?"

"No, dear. You shall kill me, if you please, but I am a respectable woman, and I will not brave the world. But I know I have acted rashly, foolishly, ungratefully, and deserve to be killed. Kill me, dear—you'll forgive me then." With that, she knelt down at his feet, crossed her hands over his knees, and looked up sweetly in his face with brimming eyes, waiting, yea, even requesting, to be killed.

He looked at her with glistening eyes. "You cunning hussy!" said he; you know I would not hurt a hair of your head! What is to be done? I tell you what it is, Sophy; I have lived three years without a wife, and that is enough. I won't live any longer so—no, not a day. It shall be you or somebody else. Ah! what is that?—a bell. I'll ring, and order one. I've got lots of money. They are always to be had for that, you know."

"Oh, Jonathan! don't talk so. It is scandalous. How can you get a wife all in a minute—by ringing?"

"If I can't, then the town crier can. I'll hire him."

"For shame."

"How is it to be, then? You are so smart dividing couples, you don't seem to be very clever in bringing 'em together again."

"It was my parents, Jonathan, not me. Well, dear, I always think when people are in a difficulty, the best thing is to go to some very *good* person for advice. Now, the best people are the clergymen. There is one in this street, No. 18. Perhaps he could advise us."

Jonathan listened gravely for a little while, before he saw what she was at; but, the moment he caught the idea so ably conveyed, he slapped his thigh and shouted out, "You are a sensible girl. Come on" And he almost dragged her to the clergyman. Not but what he found time to order a good dinner in the hall as they went.

The clergyman was out, but soon found: he married them, and they dined together man and wife.

They never mentioned grievances that night; and Jonathan said, afterwards, his second bridal was worth a dozen of his first; for the first time she was a child, and had to be courted up hill; but the second time she was a woman, and knew what to say to a fellow.

Next day Mr. and Mrs. Clarke went over to——. They drove about in an open carriage for some hours, and did a heap of shopping. They passed by Ephraim Slade's place of business much oftener than was any need, and slower. It was Mrs. Clarke who drove. Jonathan sat and took it easy.

She drives to this day.

And Jonathan takes it easy.

CONDITIONS OF SUCCESSFUL SCIENTIFIC WORK.

One hears a good deal talked nowadays of scientific research, and among it a good deal of what I cannot but think mischievous nonsense about the peculiar powers required by scientific investigators. To listen to many, one would suppose that the faculty of adding anything whatever to natural knowledge was one possessed by extremely few persons. I believe, on the contrary, that any man possessed of ava rage perseverance, is capable, if he will, of doing good original scientific work. Any hardworking and commonly intelligent man, who likes his profession, will make a good soldier, or lawyer, or doctor, though that combination of powers which makes the great general, or the great jurist, or the great physician, is given to but few.

So it is with the pursuit of Science; assuredly not every one of her followers, very probably not one among us now present, will become a Linnæus, or a Cuvier, or an Agassiz. It may not be given to any of us to make some brilliant discovery, or to first expound some illuminating generalization; but we can, each and all, if we will, do good and valuable work in elucidating the details of various branches of knowledge. All that is needed for such work, besides some leisure, intelligence, and commonsense (and the more of each the better), is undaunted perseverance and absolute truthfulness; a perseverance unabated by failure after failure, and a truthfulness incapable of the least perversion (either by wilful omission or commission) in the description of an observation or of an experiment, or of the least reluctance to acknowledge an error once it is found to have been made. Moreover, this love of truth must extend to a constant searching and inquisition of the mind, with the perpetual endeavor to keep inferences from observation or experiment unbiased, so far as may be, by natural predilections or favorite theories. Perfect success in such an endeavor is, perhaps, unattainable, but the scientific worker must strive after it: theories are necessary to guide and systematize his work, and to lead its prosecution in new directions, but they must be servants, and not masters. I may, perhaps, seem to be insisting at too great length on a self-evident point; but the more one knows of scientific work and workers, the more does one realize the importance and the difficulty of attaining a perfectly-balanced mind and of arriving at an unprejudiced deduction from observation.—Prof. Martin, in *Popular Science Monthly for Janaury.*

REVIEWS.

A Widow of Windsor, by Annie Gaskell, is a charmingly fresh, quiet, yet sprightly story of English life, which revolves about the relations of three gentlemen and two ladies, scarcely any other characters being introduced. The interest is skillfully divided among them, so that each will in his own way hold the reader's attention. Contrary to the usual course of romances, it: this the real hero is kept mostly in the background, but none the less wins the admiration of the reader. [Boston, Loring, paper, 50 cents.]

The Shadow of the Sword, a novel, by Robert Buchanan, is a vivid picture of the far-reaching woes which follow in the train of war. The scene is laid in a little fishing village in France, during the time of the wars of Napoleon I. A new conscription calls for twenty-five recruits. The hero Roban is drawn as No. 1, but he, though a hero by nature, has learned to hate war, and has sworn a solemn oath never to serve in the army. His betrothed, Marcelo, is true to her lover, but she worships the Emperor. Roban escapes from the village and takes refuge in a wonderful cave by the sea, whose recesses extend far into the precipitous cliffs. He is branded as a coward and an outlaw, and hunted down, especially by a rival for Marcee's hand. The adventures and escapes of the hero, his clandestine visits to his mother and his betrothed; her passionate appeals to him to submit to the conscription, and his heroic determination to die rather than break his oath, furnish scenes which are wrought out with much dramatic power, and keep the interest undiminished until by the fall of the Emperor, peace is restored and Roban is permitted to return to his home and his love unmolested. Several well drawn characters, an old, one-legged corporal, uncle of Roban, the cure of the village, an itinerant teacher who first inspired Roban with his hatred of war, and other minor accessories, add variety and life to the story. [New York, D. Appleton & Co., paper, 50 cents.]

The British Quarterly Review for January, reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York, is just out. "Julian's Letters" are considered specially worthy of note by his character as a man distinct from his standard as Emperor. "The Poetry of the Old Testament" is a masterly dissertation on the peculiar qualities of Hebrew poetry, containing suggestions of great value to every Bible reader. This and an article on the Servian War will most attract the attention of the general reader. The literary scholar will be specially interested in the review of Guizot's History of France. The number is an excellent one.

Blackwood for January has been republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co, 41 Barclay Street, N. Y., and, judging from the contents of the present number, promises well for the coming year. The place of honor, the first article, has been given to a story which is understood to have been written by an American author, but his name has not been announced. The incidents are well told, and the characters are manifestly drawn by a close observer.

The second paper brings before the public, in easy, gossiping fashion, some of the peculiarities and the manner of transacting business in the House of Commons. Many of the customs will appear very odd, perhaps ridiculous, to those not conversant with old-time legislation.

The eighth part of "The Woman-Hater" is followed by a very eulogistic article on "George Sand" suggested by a recently published autobiography. It gives some short extracts from her writings, mentions "Indiana," "Jaques," and one or two of her other works, and considers "La Mare au Diable," as "the simplest and most perfect of all."

"Weariness: A Tale from France," is a quiet story of a harmless little man who grew tired of living and stepped into the other with the aid of a razor. We turn with relief to the lively verses that follow it, and echo—

"Well, if we didn't weep long for 'em—
'Twasn't in nature, you know."

The closing article headed "The New Year," is devoted mainly to the Eastern Question.

PLEASANT WORDS.

"I have taken the Post for over thirty years, and if we did not have it it would be like one of the family gone."

William Lyke,
Waterbury, N. Y.

"This is the fourth year of my subscription; it has become a very dear friend to me, and you may consider me a life subscriber."

Salvina C. Southwick.

"The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest literary paper of its class in America, and it is the same fresh, original, entertaining family publication it was forty years ago."—*Weekly Business*, Hillsdale, Mich.

"The Saturday Evening Post, published in Philadelphia, is one of the finest literary publications in America, and in fact has been established over 55 years, and is universally regarded as a grand triumph."—Quincy, (Fla.,) *Journal.*

"The Saturday Evening Post is a capital family paper. One of the very best that comes to our office, and we take pleasure in recommending it. Like wine, the Post improves on age, having been established more than 55 years ago."—*Sentinel*, Barnwell, S. C.

"Saturday Evening Post.—A sample of this valuable literary weekly, No. 21 of vol. 56, is before us. How this favorite paper can be afforded for the early recollections of nearly all reading Americans! Verily, its claim is just of being 'the oldest literary and family paper in the United States,' and, moreover, but it is still one of the best of its class, maintaining its ancient characteristics and attractions. No paper presents a better array of able contributors."—*Free Press*, San Marco, Texas.

"The Saturday Evening Post, established in 1821, is one of the best, as it is the oldest literary and family paper now published in the United States. Its stories, poetry, and other articles are from the pens of the most noted and gifted authors of the day. The enterprising proprietors spare neither pains nor expense in securing such articles, and in making their paper always acceptable to the reading public."—Ozaukee Co. *News.*

"The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post has appeared in a new dress, and looks as good as it really is. Nothing anywhere that can corrupt any member of the domestic circle, or bring a blush to the most sensitive cheek can be found in its columns. The Post depends for its success upon simple genuineness of character, and that its new proprietors, Messrs. Bennett & Fitch, of Brooklyn, mean to keep it in the front rank as a representative literary and family paper, we fully believe."—*Newtown Enterprise, Pa.*

NEWS NOTES.

The Ornamentalist Society in Brussels has 400 members.

The heavy snow drifts have destroyed thousands of partridges in Berks county, Pa., during the winter.

Two United States Marshals have been killed and several wounded in North Carolina by illicit distillers.

In the last year 191 persons have died at Hartford who were sixty years old or over, fifty-one of whom were women.

J. F. Dengler, formerly cashier of the Pennsylvania Bank of Pittsburgh, has been sentenced to two years and two months for embezzling $8,000.

Prof. Peters, of Hamilton College, has again sighted his long-range telescope and brought down another planet. He has now bagged twenty-seven.

The Boston Women's Education Association has established a well-appointed chemical laboratory, where women can study under peculiar advantages.

Boston proposes to have a mechanics' exhibition, at which the most brilliant display of the leading manufacturing interests of New England is promised.

Late news from the Darien Canal Exploring Expedition report everything at most favorable to the feasibility of the route now being surveyed across the Isthmus.

The commercial travelers of New England, who are 10,000 strong, are to organize an association, and have petitioned the Massachusetts Legislature for a charter.

Sigmon Blitz bequeathed to the Apprentices' Library Company, of this city, all his books except those having "associated with them family or friendly reminiscences."

Advices from Russia state that large quantities of sugar are being exported from the southwestern provinces of that country, and that orders for 50,000 tons have been received from France.

A Deputation of Western oil refiners are in Ottawa endeavoring to secure the maintenance of the present tariff, as protection to the oil industry, and tending to exclude American oil.

Railroad mortality was high last year in this country. The accidents were 989 in number, against 1201 in 1875 and 980 in 1874; the killed 328, against 234 in 1875, and the injured 1007, about the usual number.

The narrow gauge railroads are gaining favor throughout the whole country. Several are being built out of Cincinnati, and over ninety miles are already surveyed and will be built this year in Indiana.

According to the account made up from the returns filed in the Internal Revenue office at San Francisco, 294,078 barrels of beer were sold in that city during the year 1876. This is equal to one barrel of beer per inhabitant.

Italy has declared its seventeen universities open to women, and Switzerland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark have taken similar action, while France has opened the Sorbonne to women, and Russia its highest schools in medicine and surgery.

The projectors of the proposed bridge over the East river, between New York and Brooklyn, at Seventy-seventh street, by way of Black well's Island, have, in response to the invitation sent out, received ten separate designs and estimates from as many engineers. Ground will be broken as soon as a plan shall be decided upon.

During the year 1876 there were issued 16,250 patents from the Patent Office at Washington. New York received the largest number 3,914; Pennsylvania had 1,805; Massachusetts, 1,587; Illinois, 1,326; Ohio, 1,195. The largest average according to population was in the District of Columbia, where one patent was granted to every 908 of population; Connecticut had one to every 730 of inhabitants.

The experiment tried in Liverpool of opening cheap coffee houses for the sale of cocoa, coffee, tea and bread, to counteract the influence of the grog shops, is proving very successful. Eighteen have already been established, and, though most of the sales are for only a half-penny, they not only meet expenses, but will pay a good dividend on the outlay. They are considered a most effective weapon against intemperance.

Railroad construction is very active in Texas. Out of twelve roads within the State limits nine are pushing extensions and addition to a rapid completion. Immigration to the State is unparalleled. Not less than 100,000 incomers have crossed the Red river since last September, and still the tide pours on. In general there is less depression in business in Texas than in any of the Western or Northwestern States, and the crop prospects for next year are excellent.

There cleared recently from this port for Leghorn, in Italy, the barkentine Addie E. Sleeper, a vessel of about 1,500 tons capacity, with a full cargo of our manufactures. Consignments of cotton prints are shipped by over thirty of the chief mills of the country, including the great factory in and near the city. Samples of Texas, Louisiana and Carolina cotton are taken, also samples of American railroad iron, spikes, screws, nails, shovels, locks, hasps, hollow-ware, and an assortment of hardware. These samples make up a considerable portion of the cargo, and they are intended to introduce these staple American goods to the Italian markets. These samples will be distributed upon arrival at Leghorn to the Chambers of Commerce and other public commercial bodies in that city, and also in Turin, Genoa, Florence, Rome, Naples, Palermo and Messina.

On Friday, February 2, the brig Fanny sailed from New York for Cronstadt, Russia, with a cargo of powder and metallic cartridges, valued at $250,000. The powder was supplied by the Laflin & Rand Company, and the cartridges by the Union Metallic Company, of Bridgeport, Conn. The cargo of the Fanny on its arrival at Cronstadt will be immediately transported to the scene of army operations in Southwest Russia. A large iron steamship of 2,000 tons burden, is loading at New Haven with a consignment of 25,000 Peabody-Martini rifles, and 25,000,000 cartridges for Constantinople. The rifles are supplied by the Providence Tool Company, and the cartridges by the Winchester Repeating Company and the Union Metallic Company. The total value of this cargo will be over $800,000, and like that of the Fanny will be insured for its full value. The steamer is expected to sail on Thursday, the 15th inst.

Dont Irritate Your Lungs with a Stubborn Cough, when Dr. Jayne's Expectorant can be so readily procured. Sore Throats and Lungs are speedily helped by it.

RESTING.

Well mayest thou shine thou evening star,
And tell thy secret from afar
By throbs of rapture sweet.
Well may ye bloom, ye countless flowers,
And wing with perfume all the hours
Of your gold-golden feet.
Adown the crimson dimpled west,
Where Phœbus soft has sunk to rest
As star and sunset meet.

He'll come when bright the silvery moon
Proclaims the hour of night's high noon.
And all the winds are still.
He'll come and hold me to his heart,
And whisper, "Love, no more we'll part
While years their circle fill."
And lying on his throbbing breast,
Sweet, joy will fill our hearts to rest.
And all our senses thrill!

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

This story was commenced in No. 12, Vol. X. Back numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(*Continued.*)

In the small back sitting-room, underneath its two lighted gas-burners, stood Mrs. Frank Raynor, her heart beating faster than usual, her breath seeming to choke her. She felt partly frightened, partly dazed by what she saw—by the aspect of the place she was brought to, as her new home. Frank had in a degree prepared her for it while they came along in the cab which brought them, Daisy's boxes piled on the top of it: but either he had done it insufficiently, or else she had failed to realize its description of what he called the "humble den," for the sight of it came upon her with a shock. Both as Margaret St. Clare and as Margaret Raynor, her personal experiences of dwelling-places had been unique ones.

The clock was striking ten when the cab drew up in Mark street. She looked out to see why it stopped. She saw the narrow street, the inferior locality, the small shops on either side. The one before which they had halted appeared to be a shop too: the door stood open, a gas-burner was alight inside.

"Why are we stopping here, Frank?"

Frank, hastening to jump out, did not hear the question. He turned to help her.

"This is not the place, is it?" she cried in doubt.

"Yes, this is it, Daisy."

He took her inside, piloted her between the two counters into the lighted side room, and turned back to see to the luggage; leaving her utterly aghast, bewildered, and standing as still as a statue.

The door at the end of the room opened, and a curious old figure, attired in a chintz gown of antique shape, with a huge bow of green ribbon on her round cap, appeared at it. She curtsied to her new mistress: the new mistress stared at the servant.

"You are welcome to your home, ma'am. We are glad to see you. And, please, would you like the supper tray brought in?"

"Is—is this Mr. Raynor's?" questioned Daisy, in a tone that seemed to say she dreaded the answer.

"Sure enough it is, ma'am, for the present. He is here during the master's absence."

Daisy said no more. She only stood still in her grievous astonishment, striving to comprehend it all, and to hush her dismayed heart. The luggage was being brought indoors with sundry bumps, and Eve went to help with it. Frank found his wife seated on the horsehair sofa, when he came in; and he caught the blank look on her pale face.

"You are tired, Daisy. You would like to take your things off. Come upstairs, and I will show you your bed-room."

Lighting a candle, he led the way, Daisy following him mechanically up the steep and confined staircase, to which she herself seemed to present a contrast, with her supremely fashionable attire: costly black gauze, relieved by frillings of soft white net.

"The room's not very large, Daisy," he said, entering one on the first floor, the window looking out on some back leads. "There's a larger one in front on the upper landing, but I thought you would prefer this, and it is better furnished. It was Brown's room. He said I had better take to it, for if I went up higher I might not hear the night bell."

"Yes," replied Daisy faintly, untying the strings of her bonnet. "Was it a—a shop we came through?"

"That was the surgery. It used to be a shop, and Brown never took the trouble to alter its appearance."

"Have you always to come through it on entering the house?"

"Yes. There is no other entrance. The houses in these crowded places are confined for space, you see, Daisy. I will help Sam to bring up the boxes," added Frank, disappearing.

When finally left to herself, Margaret sat down and burst into a passionate flood of tears. It seemed to her that, in coming to dwell in this place, she must lose caste for ever. Frank called to her presently, to know whether she was not coming down.

Drying her eyes as she best could, she took the candle in her hand to descend. On the opposite side of the small landing, a door stood open to a sitting-room, and she looked in. A bigger room this, for it was over both the surgery and the parlor, and a very nice room too, its Brussels carpet of a rich purple hue, its chairs and sofa well hanging to match, its furniture good and handsome. She put the candle on a console, crossed to one of the windows, and gazed down at the street.

Lads there, it was, playing or were singing to and fro; not at all the kind of people Daisy had been accustomed to. Over the way was a small fish shop; a ragged man and boy, standing before it, were eating periwinkles. To pass one's days in such a street as this must be frightfully depressing, and Mrs. Raynor burst into tears again.

"Why, my darling, what is the matter?"

Frank, coming up in search of her, had found her sobbing wildly, her head buried on the arm of one of the purple chairs. She lifted it, and let it lodge upon his breast.

"You are disappointed, Daisy. I see it."

"It—it is such a poor street, Frank; and —and such a house!"

Frank flushed red. He felt the complaint to his heart's core.

"It is only for a time, Daisy. Until I can get into something better. If that may ever be!" he added to himself, as Blase Pellet's image rose before his mind.

Daisy sobbed more softly. He was holding her to him.

"I know, my poor girl, it is very inferior; altogether different from anything you have been accustomed to; but this home is better than none at all. We can at least be together and happy here."

"Yes, we can," replied Daisy, rallying her spirits and her sweet nature, as she lifted her face to look in his. "I married for worse, as well as for better, Frank, my best love. We will be happy in it."

"As happy as a king and queen in a fairy-tale," rejoined Frank, a whole world of unmitigated hope in his tone.

And that was Daisy's instalment in her London home.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A NIGHT ALARM.

Misfortunes seldom come alone. Many of us, unhappily, have had, times and again, only too good cause to learn the truth of the saying: but few, it is to be hoped, have experienced it in an equal degree with the Raynors. For another calamity was in store for them: one that was at least, taking the difference between their present and past circumstances into consideration, as distressing as the ejection from Eagles' Nest.

But it did not happen quite immediately. The weeks were calmly passing, and Mrs. Raynor felt in spirits; for two more day-scholars had entered at the half-quarter, and another boarder was promised for Michaelmas. So that matters might be said to be progressing satisfactorily, though monotonously.

Monotony, however, does not suit young people, especially if they have been suddenly plunged into it. It does not suit Charles and Alice Raynor. Contrasting ever, as they were, the present state of enforced quiet and obscurity with the past life at Eagles' Nest, its show, its society, its expensive luxuries, no wonder that they felt well-nigh weary unto death. At first it was almost unbearable. But they could not help themselves: *it had to be endured.* Charles was worse off than Alice; she had her school duties to occupy her in the day: he had nothing. Colonel Cockburn had not yet returned to London, and Charles told himself and his mother that he must wait for him. As the weeks went on, some relief unexpected itself from this dolorous dreariness—perhaps was the result of it.

The alleviation was found in private theatricals. They had made the acquaintance of some neighbors, named Earle; had become intimate with them. The circumstances of the two families were much alike, and perhaps this at first drew them together. Captain Earle—a past captain in the Royal Navy—had left but a slender income for his wife at his death: just enough to enable her to live in a quiet manner, and to bring up her children inexpensively. They were gentle people; and that fact went a long way with the Raynors. The young Earles—four of them—were all in their teens; the eldest son had a post in Somerset House, the younger one went to a day-school in the neighborhood, the two daughters had finished their education, and were at home. It chanced that these young people had a passion just now for private theatricals, and the Raynors caught the infection. After a performance at Mrs. Earle's of a popular comedy, Charles and Alice Raynor got up from it wild to perform one at their own home.

And probably the very eagerness, with which they entered upon and pursued it, arose out of the recent monotony of their lives. Mrs. Raynor looked grave: she did not know whether the parents of her pupils would approve of private theatricals. But her children over-ruled her objection, and she could but yield to them. She always did.

They fixed upon Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." A thoroughly good play in itself. Charles procured some sixpenny copies of it, and drew his pen through any part that he considered unsuitable for youth's ears, which shortened the play much. He chose the part of Charles Marlowe; Alice that of Miss Hardcastle. Mrs. Raynor also liked the amusement as much as her children did, would be Mrs. Hardcastle; her eldest daughter Constance Neville; and the young Somerset House man Tony Lumpkin. The other characters were taken by some acquaintances of the Earles.

And now, fairly launched upon this new project, the monotony of the house disappeared for the time, they even forgot to lament after Eagles' Nest. Dresses, gauzes, tinsel, green baize curtains, and all the rest of it, were to be had by the Earles: so that no cost was involved. The school-room was to be the play-house, and the pupils were to have seats amid the audience.

Charles entered into it with wonderful energy. He never now had a minute for lying on three chairs, or for stretching his hands above his head to help a mournful yawn. Perhaps they had arrived from Edina, requiring him to transact a little matter of business, was wholly neglected; it would have involved his going to the city, and he had no time for it.

Edina had intended to insure the new furniture in the same Cornish office that her father had insured his in for so many years. But, as I have said, Charles was not than in the London offices. However, after some negotiation with the Cornish company upon her return to Trentuck, they declined the offer, as the furniture it related to was so far away, and recommended to her a safe and good insurance company in the city of London. She wrote to Mrs. Raynor, desiring that Charles should at once go to the city to do what was necessary and secure the policy. Charles put it off upon the plea that he was too busy; it could wait.

"Charley, I think you ought to do it, if only to comply with Edina's wish," urged Mrs. Raynor.

"And so I will, mother, as soon as I get a little time."

"It would only take you half a day, my dear."

"But I can't spare the half day. Do you think the house is going to be burnt down?"

"Nonsense, Charley."

Then where's the need of hurry?" he persisted. "I have looked after everybody else's part so long, and the arrangements altogether, that I scarcely know a word yet of my own. I stuck yesterday at the very first sentence Charles Marlowe has to say."

Mrs. Raynor was never able to contend against a stronger will, gave in as usual, saying no more. And Charles was left unmolested.

But in the midst of this arduous labor, for other people as well as for himself, Charles received news from Colonel Cockburn. The Colonel wrote to say he was in London for a few days, and that Charles might call in St. James' Street the following morning.

This mandate Charles would not put off, in spite of the exigencies of the theatricals, and of the first rehearsal, two evenings hence. The grand performance was to take place during the Christmas holiday Mrs. Raynor gave at Michaelmas; and Michaelmas would be upon them in little more than a week.

Charles went to St. James's street. And there his hopes, in regard to the future, received a very decided check. Colonel Cockburn—who turned out to be a feeble and deaf old gentleman—informed Charles that he could not help him. To obtain a commission, and moreover, explained many things to him, and assured him that he had no chance of obtaining one. Nobody, the Colonel said, could get one now unless he had been specially prepared for it. He would advise Charles, he added, to embrace a civil profession; say the law. It was very easy to go to the bar, he believed; involving only, so far as he knew, a certain number of eaten dinners. All this sounded very cruel to Charles Raynor. Otherwise the Colonel was kind. He kept him for the day, and took him to dine at his club.

It was late when Charles got home, thoroughly tired, disappointment, of itself, inflicts weariness. Mrs. Raynor felt terribly disheartened at the news.

"There have been so many weeks lost, you see, Charley."

"Yes," returned Charles, gloomily. "I'm sure I don't know what to be at now. Cockburn suggested the Bar. He says one may qualify for almost nothing."

"We will talk of it to-morrow, Charley," said Mrs. Raynor. "It is past bed-time, and I am tired. You were not thinking of sitting up later, were you, my dear?" she added, as Charles took up "She Stoops to Conquer" from a side table.

"Oh, well—I suppose *not*, if you say it is so late," he replied, rather sharply.

"The dresses have come, ready for the rehearsal, Charley," whispered Alice, as they were going up stairs. "I have put them in your room. Charlotte Earle and I have been trying on ours. I mean to wear one of Edina's brown Holland aprons while I am supposed to be a barmaid."

"I'll do it for you half my part," grumbled Charley. "It was a bother, having to go out to day."

"You can learn it before Michaelmas."

"Of course I can. But one likes to be perfect at rehearsal. Good night."

Charles turned into his room, and shut the door. It was a good-sized apartment, and that Mrs. Raynor designed for boarders later, when the school should have increased. The first thing he saw, piled up between the bed and the wall, partly on a chair, on the boards, partly on the floor, was a confused heap of gay clothes and other articles, the theatrical paraphernalia that had been brought round from Mrs. Earle's. Topmost of all, lay a yellow gauze dress edged with tinsel. Charles, all his interest in the coming rehearsal reviving at the sight, touched it gingerly here and there, and wondered how it might be the state robe for one of the younger ladies, or for Tony Lumpkin's mother.

"I wish to goodness I was more perfect in my part!" cried he, pulling covers out of the other things to see what their bulk consisted of. "Suppose I give half-an-hour to it before I get into bed." Alfred lay on the other side, fast asleep.

The little book was still in his hand. He edged the candle on the corner of the drawers amid the finery, and sat down near, his back to the side of the bed, having in the act of taking off his coat. A night or two ago, for this was by no means the first time he had sat down in his chamber to conn the sayings of young Marlowe, he took his coat off, dropped asleep, and woke up with the cold in his arms when the night was half over. So he kept the coat on now.

Whether the same event took place Charles fell asleep. Tired with his day's journey, he had not studied the book five minutes when it fell from his hands. He was in a sound slumber. How long he remained in it he never knew, but he was awakened by a shout and a cry. Fire!

A shout and a cry, and a great glare of light. Fire? Yes, it was fire. Whether Charles had thrown out his arm in his sleep and turned the candle over, or whether a spark from it had shot out spontaneously, he never knew, never would know; but the pile of finery lying there had caught light. The flames had penetrated to the bed, and awakened Alfred. It was Alfred who shouted the alarm. Perhaps Charles owed his life to the fact that he had kept his coat on; its sleeves were scorched.

These scenes have been described often before. And no use in detail them here. A household aroused in the depth of the night; terrified women and children shrieking and running; flames mounting, smoke suffocating. They all escaped with life, but the village at the dwelling of a neighbor but the house and its contents were burnt to the ground.

* * * * * * *

"MY DEAR EDINA. I never began a letter like this in all my life: it will have nothing in it but ill news and misery. Whether I shall ever write you a letter of joy, Heaven knows. My mother would not write. She feels reluctant to disclose our calamities to you, after your generous kindness in providing us with a home; and she must indeed be left to tell you of me. The home is lost, Edina, and I am the cause.

"I am too wretched to go into details; and, if I did, you might not have patience to read them; so I will tell the story in as few words as I can. Perhaps the best course for you may remember them as living in the low, square house, near the river, now going to be a play. She Stoops to Conquer." I sat up late on Wednesday night to study my part, dropped asleep, and somehow the candle set light to some stage dresses that were lying ready to my hand. When I awoke the room was in flames. None of us are hurt, but the bedroom burnt, and everything that was in it.

"This is not all. I hate to make this next confession to you worse than I hated the last. The insurance on the furniture had not been effected. I had put it off and off, though my mother urged me more than once to go and do it.

"You have spoken sometimes, Edina, of the necessity of acting so that we may enjoy a quiet conscience. If only I knew now what mine is now, and the torment I endure. Even you might feel a passing pity for me, for me. There are moments when the weight seems more than I can bear.

"We have taken a small, cheap lodging near. No. 5, in the next side street; and what is to be done for the future I know not. I of course fails to my lot now to keep them, as it is through me they have lost their home: *and I shall try and do it.* Life will be no play-day with me, I know.

"I thought it my duty to tell you this, Edina. While holding back from the task, I have said to myself that time would reproach me if I did not. And you will not blame me, my generous friend, now you know the worst. Forgive me for every shilling you had to provide us with till we left Eagles' Nest.

"With a few words of consolation to my mother; no one can do it as you can; and *don't square me to me.*

"Your unhappy cousin,

"CHARLES."

Frank Raynor once made the remark in our hearing that somehow everybody turned to him in their need. Charles had instinctively done it. Not because it might lie in his duty to let her know what had come to pass, to confess his own share in it, his imprudent folly. Much for the sake of his mother. Though Edina had no more money to give away, and could not help them to another home, he knew that if anybody could console a word of comfort to her, it was Edina.

One thing lay more heavily upon his conscience than all the rest; and if he had not mentioned this to Edina, it was not that he wished to spare himself, for he was in the mood to confess everything that could tell against him, almost with exaggeration, but that in the hurry of writing he had omitted it. On one of the previous nights that he had been studying his part, Mrs. Raynor caught sight of the light under his door. Opening it, she found him sitting on the bed in his shirt sleeves, reading. There and then she spoke of the danger, and begged him never to sit up at night again. The fact was this: Charles Raynor had nothing on earth to do with his time; an idle young fellow, as he was, needed not the night for work; but his habits had grown so desultory that he could settle to nothing in the day-time.

The answer from Edina did not come. Charles said nothing of having written to her; but he did fully hope and expect Edina would write to his mother. Morning after morning he posted himself outside the door to watch for the postman; and morning after morning the man passed and gave him nothing.

"Edina is too angry to write," concluded Charles at last. "She has been too much for her." And he betook himself to his walk to London.

No repentance could be more thoroughly sincere than was Charles Raynor's. The last dire calamity had taken all his pride and his high notions out of him. The family were helpless, hopeless; and he had rendered them so. Even his clothes, his food, no prospects, no hope, no money. A few articles of wearing apparel had been flung out of the burning house, chiefly pertaining to Alice, but not many. All the money Mrs. Raynor had in the world—four bank-notes of five pounds each—had been consumed. There had chanced to be a little gold in Charles's pocket, given him to pay the insurance, some taxes, and other needful matters; and that was all they had to go on with. Night after night Charles lay awake, lamenting his folly, and making huge resolves to remedy it.

They must have food to eat, though it were but bread and cheese; they must have a roof over them, let it be ever so confined, and there was only himself to provide this. Any thought of setting up a school again could not present itself to their minds after the late painful failure: they had no means to do it, and the little pupils had gone home for ever. No; all lay on Charles. He studied the columns of the *Times*, and walked up and down London till he was footsore; footsore and heartsick; trying to get one of the desirable places advertised as vacant. In vain.

He had been doing this now for four or five days. On this, the sixth day, when he reached home after his weary walk, the landlady of the house stood at the open door, bargaining for odd and end fuel; and that a man was carrying about for sale. Charles wished her good evening as he passed on to the parlor; and there he had a surprise, for Blase Pellet was in it. He had evidently just arrived. Her traveling cloak was thrown on the back of a chair, her black mantle was unpinned, her bonnet was still on. Katie and Robert sat at her feet; the tea-things were on the table, Alice was cutting bread and butter, and Mrs. Raynor was sobbing. Charles held out his hand with hesitation to Blase. She had ever unworthy for Edina to touch, and a red flush dyed his face.

After tea, the conversation turned on their present position, on plans and projects. Ah! what poor ones they were! Mrs. Raynor acknowledged freely that she had only a few shillings left.

"Have you been paid for the pupils?" asked Edina.

"No," replied Mrs. Raynor. "I have not yet sent in the accounts. The children were not with me quite a quarter, you know, and perhaps some of the parents may make that a plea, combined with the termination, for not paying me at all. Even if I do get it, there are debts to pay out of it: the tradespeople, the stationer, the maid-servant's wages. Not much will be left out of it."

"Then, Mary, let us settle to-night what is to be done."

"What can be settled?" returned Mrs. Raynor hopelessly. "I see nothing at all before us, only starvation."

"Don't talk of starvation, Mary, while Heaven spares us the use of our minds to plan, and our hands to work," said Edina, pleasantly; quite the bright tone cheered Mrs. Raynor. "For one thing, I have come up to live with you."

"Edina!"

"I cannot provide you with another home: you know why," continued Edina: "but I can share with you all I have left—my income. It is so poor a one that perhaps you will think me quite a beggar; and with myself; but at least it is something to fall back upon, and we can all share and share together."

Mrs. Raynor burst into tears again. Never strong in resource, the repeated calamities she had been subjected to of late had tended to render her next door to helpless. Her very spirit, as it were, had turned round to Edina, brushing his eyelashes.

"I cannot presume to thank you, Edina; you would not desire to receive thanks from me. *I* am hoping to support them."

"In what manner, Charles?" asked Edina; and her tone was as kind as usual. "I beg you have no false notions of economization."

"By getting into some situation and earning a weekly salary at it," spoke Charles bravely. "The worst is, situations seem to be so unattainable."

"I have done nothing the last few days but try after one. Besides the advertised places, I can't tell you how many banks and other establishments I have made bold to go into, asking if they want a clerk. A hundred a year would be something."

"It would be a great deal," replied Edina significantly. "Salaries to that amount are hard to find. I question if you would get the half of it at first."

A blank look overspread Charley's face. Edina's judgment had always been good.

"But why do you question it, Edina?" "Because you are inexperienced: totally unused to work."

"Yes, that's what some of them said when they questioned me."

"There is a person who might help you to such a situation if he would," observed Edina slowly. "But I shall offend you if I speak of him, Charles; as I did once before."

"You mean Geoffrey Ashton?"

"I do. If he chose to put you into his bank, he might give you any salary he pleased; and his will might be good to do it, whether you wish it or not. I think he would if I asked him."

There was a pause. Edina's thoughts were carrying her back to the old days when Geoffrey Ashton was the only friend in the world to her. It would cost her something to apply to him; but for the sake of this helpless family, she must bring her mind to do it.

"What do you say, Charles?"

"I say yes, Edina. I have nothing but bumble-pie to swallow just now: it will be only another dose. Write to him, write to him, Edina, by all means. I'll do anything, I'll go anywhere, rather than remain as I am. I thought he would be at Eagles' Nest."

"But he is not at Eagles' Nest," interposed the banker. "He is on the high seas, on his way to New Zealand."

"On his way to New Zealand?" echoed Edina, hardly thinking, in her surprise, that she heard correctly.

"He went away again immediately. I do not suppose he was in London a fortnight altogether."

"Then he could not have made much stay at Eagles' Nest."

"He did not make any stay at it," replied Edwin Street. "I don't think he went down to Eagles' Nest at all. If he did go, he came back the same day, for he never slept one night away from this house throughout his sojourn."

"But what could be the reason?" reiterated Edina wonderingly. "Why has he gone away so soon again?"

"He put it upon the score of his health, Miss Raynor. England does not agree with him."

"And who is living at Eagles' Nest?"

"A Mr. Fairfax. He is a thoroughly efficient land agent, or steward, and has been appointed to the charge of the estate. His orders are to take care of it, and to renovate it by all possible means that money and labor can do. Mr. Atkinson was informed on good authority that it had been neglected by Major Raynor."

"That's true," thought Edina. "I am very much surprised that Mr. Atkinson did not go down to see into it for himself!" she said aloud.

"Long residence in foreign lands often conduces to foster indolent habits," remarked the banker.

Edina sighed. Was her mission to be a fruitless one? Taking a moment's counsel with herself, she resolved to disclose its purport to Edwin Street. And she did so, asking him to give Charles Raynor a stool in his counting-house, and a salary with it.

But Mr. Street declined. His very manner seemed to freeze at the request. A young man, brought up as Mr. Charles Raynor had been could not possibly be of any use in a bank, he observed.

Suppose Mr. Atkinson were here, and had complied with my request to put him in?—what then?" said Edina.

"In that case he would have come in," was the candid answer. "But Mr. Atkinson is not here; in his absence I exercise my own discretion; and I am bound to tell you that I cannot make room for the young man. Don't work to put Charles Raynor in a bank: he is not fitted for the post in any way, and might do harm in it instead of good. Take an experienced man's advice for once, Miss Raynor."

"It has spared me the pain of the interview with *him*," thought Edina, as she said good morning to Mr. Street. "But what a strange thing that he should go away without seeing Eagles' Nest!"

CHAPTER XXX.

LAUREL COTTAGE.

A cottage. A roomy cottage in a small by-road amid the environs of Kennington, bordering on Lambeth. Frost and snow on the ground outside, and biting blasts in the air; inside, sitting round the scanty fire in a bare-looking but not very small parlor, Mrs. Raynor, Edina, and the younger children, the two former busily employed making brown chenille for the hair.

When Edina was out one day looking about for some abode for them, this dwelling fell under her eye. It was called Laurel Cottage, as some white letters on the green wooden gate testified; probably because a dwarf laurel-tree flourished between the palings and the window. Hanging in the window was a card, setting forth that apartments were to be let; and Edina entered. Could the Raynors have gone away into the country, she would have liked to take 6 whole cottage to themselves; but then one would have had the difficulty about furniture. It was necessary they should stay in London, as Charles still expected to get employment there, and hardly could they live in the suburban parts of it, for he would have to walk to and fro night and morning. Laurel Cottage had a landlady, one Mrs. Fox, and a few words with her sufficed. The rooms to let were four; parlor, kitchen, and two bedrooms. She asked ten shillings per week: but that the house was shabby inside and poorly furnished, Edina might have asked more. Edina said freely she could afford to give only eight shillings per week; and at length the bargain was struck. Edina's income was just one pound per week, fifty-two pounds a year; eight shillings out of it for rent was a formidable sum. It left but twelve shillings for all necessaries; and Edina, who had always had all the care and responsibility on her own shoulders, and felt that she had it, did not see the future clearly before her: but at present there was nothing to be done, save bow to circumstances. So here they were in Laurel Cottage, with a dull, dreary lookout of waste ground for a view, and some stunted trees overhanging the gate.

Alice had gone into a school as teacher. It was situated near Richmond, in Surry, and was chiefly for the reception of children whose parents were in India. She would have to stay during the holidays; but that was so much the better, as there was no place for her at home. Alfred ran on errands, made himself of use by saying his lessons to his mother between whiles. Mrs. Raynor taught Kate and little Robert; Edina did the work, for they were not rich enough to keep a servant. The numerous articles of dress that had been manufactured by cross-wise partitions, that each may be managed differently.

EARLY PLANTS.—In the great majority of country gardens, the natural "seed time and harvest" are reversed. It is the custom now-a-days to "make garden" the ground is prepared, seeds are sown, and the job is done up. As a consequence there is a great supply of vegetables for a month or two, and a dearth at other times. A little trouble will prolong the season at both ends. By sowing under glass the seeds of various tender vegetables, the plants will be ready to set in the open ground at the time seeds can be sown there, thus making a gain of six or eight weeks, a matter of great importance, especially if the crop is to be sold. Those who need only a few plants can raise them without the trouble of a hot bed, or cold frame in boxes set in a kitchen window. The kitchen window is preferable, because the atmosphere is generally moister, and from frequent opening of the doors the air is better. Watering must be attended to. When the plants are up, turn the boxes every day, to keep them from one side; when they have made two rough leaves (besides the seed leaves) transplant to other boxes, giving room according to the size of the plant. As the weather becomes warmer, these boxes may be set in the sun outdoors in the warm portion of the day, this will harden off the plants and make them strong.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FENCES.—No contrivance has ever been invented, or ever can be, by which, that will dispense with the necessity of anchoring a fence to the ground, and all that can be done in addition cross pieces on the surface with braces attached, while they add much more expensive as a good board or post-and-rail fence, are found to last but a very short time. Farmers may therefore make up their minds that the old methods are most profitable.

SALT.—A lump of rock salt kept in a shed, or under cover, is good. Animals like it, and as well, is the safest way to give this necessary condiment—given to excess, it is hurtful, especially to pigs.

FATTENING CATTLE.—A change of food will be of great help in quickening the appetite of stall fed cattle. Roots may be sliced and mixed with a feed of cut straw and meal, will be taken very readily. This may be given once a day, and one or two ounces of salt, with each feeding. Meal may be sifted and sprinkled with either cotton or linseed cake meal, will be very healthful. A few apples will be useful in the same way. A pound of meal stirred in the drinking water will help greatly in varying the diet. Cattle will not be hardly overfeed fattening stock so as to pall the appetite.

FATTENING POULTRY.—*In France*, where poultry breeding, feeding and fattening, has been reduced to a science, they feed very little whole grain. Barley meal, mixed with one-half buckwheat, barley, or oatmeal, made into a stiff dough, is given to the young alike, twice a day. They claim that fattening is less a matter of feeding than digesting. Whole grain, however, will produce fat when fed abundantly, but it also produces disease, by undue taxing of the digestion. Barley is regarded as a great egg-laying stimulant. A system of liquid examination is also practiced by many who fatten fowls as a trade. Barley and malt, ground, is crammed into the fowls by means of a funnel. It is said that one person can cram sixty fowls per hour, and the fattening process only lasts two or three weeks. At three markets named upwards of 6,000,000 head of fowls are sold annually, all fattened by this process.

FARM ENGINES.—The introduction of small steam engines, both stationary and portable, for farm purposes and the manifest mechanical industries, is both economical and every way advantageous. Any farmer with a great deal of material labor, with most of the cares, can afford the engine that is necessary, and enables the farmer and mechanic to do work in a shorter time. In the South especially where the cotton crop, for example, machinery is necessary to prepare the crop for sale. Small engines, however, are now made so simple, so portable, and so cheap, that even a moderate farmer may purchase one, and any person with ordinary intelligence, can easily operate one. With proper care an engine will last for years without repairs or renewing.

HOW TO REJUVENATE AN OLD ROSE BUSH.—Never cut down a rose bush until you have tried watering it two or three times with soap suds, and then with tea with boiling water, from soot taken from the chimney or stove to which wood is burned. When cold, water also with it. When the tea is used up, pour boiling hot water on the soot a second time. Use the liquid cold. In this way, will often quickly send out thrifty shoots, the last with unusually large and thick, the blossoms will greatly improve in size, and be more richly tinted than before.

WHEN TO SOW SEEDS OF HERBACEOUS PERENNIALS.—Generally it is safe to start the bed six weeks in advance of the time that plants may be put into the open ground, and a little earlier, or no heat than others; some plants will be sooner ready than others, as the tender egg-plants, peppers, etc., should not go out until quite warm—hence to meet their requirements it is well to divide the bed lengthwise by cross-wise partitions, that each may be managed differently.

EARLY PLANTS.—In the great majority of country gardens, the natural "seed time and harvest" are reversed. It is the custom now-a-days time to "make garden" the ground is prepared, seeds are sown, and the job is done up. As a consequence there is a great supply of vegetables for a month or two, and a dearth at other times. A little trouble will prolong the season at both ends. By sowing under glass the seeds of various tender vegetables, the plants will be ready to set in the open ground at the time seeds can be sown there, thus making a gain of six or eight weeks, a matter of great importance, especially if the crop is to be sold. Those who need only a few plants can raise them without the trouble of a hot bed, or cold frame in boxes set in a kitchen window. The kitchen window is preferable, because the atmosphere is generally moister, and from frequent opening of the doors the air is better. Watering must be attended to. When the plants are up, turn the boxes every day, to keep them from one side; when they have made two rough leaves (besides the seed leaves) transplant to other boxes, giving room according to the size of the plant. As the weather becomes warmer, these boxes may be set in the sun outdoors in the warm portion of the day, this will harden off the plants and make them strong.

The King of the Builders.

BY MARY RUSSELL.

"A knight of the jack-plane, bah!"

There was an expression of great disgust on Charlie Mitchell's face as he uttered these words. It was the noon rest in Nobbs & Co's. work-shop, and the bone had been his dinner leaving this one of his apprentices to eat his own lunch and look after the shop, meanwhile. The hearty young fellow had soon dispatched his meal, and now sat upon the long, carpenter's bench, kicking his heels together and giving vent to his general dissatisfaction.

"If I could go to college," he went on meditatively, "and study for a profession, there'd be some show of making my way up in the world and standing along-side the big fellers some day; or if I could even be a clerk in a city store, I might become a famous merchant like Stewart; anyway, I'd be a gentleman and wear fine clothes like young Allison, instead of a great rough chap with stout breeches and a kit of tools under his arm!"

Charles stretched himself out on the bench with a sigh, while something very like a tear shone on his ruddy cheek. He was considerable of a boy, for all of his sixteen years, and this being put to a trade was a sad trial to his proud, ambitious spirits. He longed for a field wherein he could do great things; where there were great heights to climb; great honors to win! Ah, it was indeed hard, Charlie thought, for him to be a plodding trade when his youthful blood was boiling for high achievements.

As he lie there with his mind half made up to run away from his master and thus escape such a lowly fate, he noticed the large pile of fresh shavings upon the work-bench and remembered that he had been told to remove them.

"I'll get up in a minute and clear them off," he thought.

Just then there was a great stir in the pile.

"Golly, it must be a rat!" cried the boy, springing to his feet and running for an adze.

"Ho! ho!" laughed a small, hoarse voice, and when Charlie turned quickly to see who had entered the shop, he beheld the strangest figure seated atop of the shavings. It was a wee, old man with a face as sharp and bright as the steel tools on the work-bench His round eyes were like brilliants and upon his head was a crown of wonderful diamonds pure and white, that shot forth prisms of light and color.

"Who—who are you?" gasped Charlie, sinking down on the bench, quite overcome by wonder and fright.

"I am a king," cried the dazzling, little, old man, "King of the Builders! All the toiling millions that, for centuries have worked with wood and stone and mortar, are my subjects. A right, royal kingdom is mine! Through my inspiration rise the palaces and temples of the earth—mighty—domed and marble-pinacled! Wide and noble is my realm and riches and honors have I in abundance for my worthy subjects."

Then the king turned his eyes full upon the amazed youth and laughed till the blaze of light from his dazzling head and quivering diamonds fairly blinded the boy.

"But my work is not noble enough for you; ho! ho!" continued the small sovereign, almost choking with his mirth. "Lookee, lad, you must earn your title of nobility before you can wear it. Over every branch of labor there presides a spirit or genius whom you must first propitiate in order to become endowed with its handicraft. To do this your soul must glow with the fires of enthusiasm and devotion; your best strength and energy must be given to the work. Then the spirit of your labor will smile upon you and make your brain cunning and your hands skilful. But if you would have the best you must work for it in return. All useful labors are noble; the humblest through skill may rise into a fine art; its base may be amutted by the hands of unworthy workmen, but the animal rises high and commands the notice and respect of all like the cloud-tipped mountain."

As the last word escaped his lips, the brilliant little figure suddenly disappeared amid the shavings, while a very familiar and commonplace voice sounded in Charlie's ears:

"Hello, taking things pretty easy, I reckon?"

The boy sprang from the bench, where he had been lying with the noon-day sun shining in his eyes, and looked around in a very bewildered and sheepish way.

"Been napping, hey? and there's that bench I told you to clean ready for work! By the father of jack-planes, you'll never mount to much if you're in return. All useful labors are noble; the humblest through skill may rise into a fine art; its base may be amutted by the hands of unworthy workmen, but the animal rises high and commands the notice and respect of all like the cloud-tipped mountain."

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"Been napping, hey? and there's that bench I told you to clean ready for work! By the father of jack-planes, you'll never mount to much if you don't smarten up and show some interest. You're the most no'count prentice I've got!"

Charlie rubbed his eyes and went to work with a will. As he removed the shavings, he half expected to find the little king concealed beneath them or, at least, one of his rare diamonds. But nothing more than the boss's tools and shavings were there.

That afternoon, Charlie worked more cheerfully and paid more attention to his instruction, than he had ever before been known to do.

"A lively raking down is just the thing for lads," thought his boss complacently; but he would have roared with laughter and contempt had he known of the boy's dream-vision.

That evening, Charlie said to his mother:

"What is the highest thing that a carpenter might be mother?"

"The highest? why one might become a master-builder or even a practical architect by study."

"Well, mother, I am going to be an architect?"

"An architect! La's, child, Mr. Nobbs says that there is small chance of your being even a good carpenter?"

"That's because I don't care. I have always been thinking of other things. But I'm going right into it now—I'm going to do my best and be a worthy subject of the jolly old King of the Builders."

"How foolish you talk Charlie. Well, I'm sure I shall be very glad to have you take an interest in your work and become simply a first-rate mechanic!"

Charlie saw that his mother had but little faith in his resolution, but this did not discourage him. He was a bright, active lad with a sturdy will of his own and now he was thoroughly in earnest.

Mr. Nobbs was really astonished at the change that soon became apparent in the youth. He took hold of everything with so much will and enthusiasm and was so faithful in every detail, that the boss began to feel a lively interest in him. He rose from the menial position of chore-boy and sweeper in the shop to that of one of the most trustworthy among the apprentices.

In the meantime, he utilized another great stepping stone to success—his evenings. It was no small sacrifice for a lively, robust boy like him to give up the evening sports and pastimes in which he had always led. But he turned resolutely from them and in their stead undertook a course of drawing and art designs.

Five years later, when Charlie's time of service had expired, Mr. Nobbs not only acknowledged him his equal in mechanical skill but declared that he was the best young draughtsman in the country.

The young man might have stopped here and settled down to a comfortable livelihood as a partner of his old master; but his goal was farther on. He went to a large city where he could have the necessary advantages. There he worked and studied.

Many years afterward when his native town had grown into a large city, a fine custom-house was to be built in the same, and a government architect was sent hither to draw the designs. One day, old Mr. Nobbs, who had taken the contract for doing a part of the work, called upon the architect for some explanation of the plan.

There was a kindly twinkle in the gentleman's eyes when they rested upon the old man, which made the latter look sharply at the stranger. Old Mr. Nobbs wiped his spectacles and looked again still more sharply; then he grasped the other's outstretched hand and cried:

"By the father of jack-planes, its Charlie Mitchell!"

Yes; it was indeed, our dreaming Charlie. He had given the best and received the best in return.

DULL BOYS.

Don't be discouraged. Slow growth is often sure growth. Some minds are like Norwegian pines. They grow in the rocks, but they are striking their roots deep. Some of the greatest men have been dull boys. Dryden and Swift were dull boys. So was Goldsmith. So was Gibbon. So was Sir Walter Scott. Napoleon at school had so much difficulty in learning his Latin, that the master said it would need a gimlet to get a word into his head. Douglas Jerrold was so backward in his boyhood, that at nine he was scarcely able to read. Isaac Barrow, one of the greatest divines the English church has ever produced, was so dull, that his father more than once said, if God took away one of his children he hoped it would be Isaac, as he feared he would never be fit for anything in this world. Yet that boy was the genius of the family.

THREE NEW INDUSTRIES.

Three new industrial enterprises are struggling for existence, and awaiting recognition in this country.

1. The flax industry, by which some $25,000,000 annually could be saved, which is now paid to Europe. We have all the fertile soil, and our people are waiting to raise the fibre. Who will see to it that this industry has a helping hand?

2. The sugar beet industry, by which we could easily save another $25,000,000, which is now paid to assist slaveholding Spain. There are successful mills in California and one in Illinois. Our farmers want the employment, and will not some one give this industry a lift?

3. The alpaca industry is apparently more firmly established than either of the others, and it is more hopeful of success. The mohair is raised to a considerable extent in Georgia, Kansas and Nebraska, and more largely still in California and Oregon. Three factories are already in existence—one at Jamestown, New York, one at Chickopee Falls, Massachusetts (the oldest and the most successful) at Holyoke, Massachusetts. These industries are justly a part of the pursuits of our people and should be encouraged until foreign supplies shall be cut off. It can not be said that encouragement to these industries is encouragement of monopolies. The farmer must first raise the beets, the flax, and the mohair; then the machinist must furnish the machinery, the lumberman and brick-maker the building materials, and the laborer and operatives must be employed in all the branches to work it. In the beet sugar will be food for cattle and fertilizers left from the product of sugar; in flax there is seed and tow as well as fibre, and in the mohair the goat furnishes meat, enriches poor soil, and the pelts are so valuable that those animals are raised in one section of California for their pelts alone, for mats, mittens, &c. Shall we lose these three additional sources of wealth established? *St. Louis Journal.*

MENTAL OVERWORK.

To hit off the happy medium between over and under-work is no easy task even to those who have the necessary knowledge, on the one hand, and the liberty to arrange their own scheme of occupation, on the other. But, for one person who is injured by doing too much, many may be found who are sustaining serious damage from not having enough mental stimulus. The listless vacuity in which so many of the well-to-do classes spend their lives, the want of any incentive to exertion, and the absence of any attempt at real thought which the wide-spread prevalence of ready-made opinions in our periodical literature directly encourages, must cause more or less degeneration of intellectual power. Under these conditions the brain gradually loses its healthy tone, and, although quite equal to the daily calls of a routine and uneventful existence, it is unable to withstand the strain of special sudden emergency, and, when a heavy load of work is unexpectedly thrown upon it in this unprepared state, then we see all the worst consequences of what may be called overwork develop themselves.

It is no uncommon experience to meet with cases in which death has been laid close to the bodily constitution by indulging too recklessly in athletic exercises and active physical exertion when the muscles have become flabby, and the second a little down-hearted. I took him out to see Thomas Jefferson, my champion mule. I was telling the good man how that mule would flop his hind-feet around, and he said hed like to see a little flop. He'd never seen a mule flop in the South, but had never seen a mule lay his soul into a big time at kicking. So I continued, after borrowing some tobacco. I took Jefferson out of the stable, led him up again a hill, gin him a cuff on the ear, and we stood back to see the amusement. It was a good place to kick in, that hill, and what d'ye s'pose he did? In ten minutes by the watch he was out of sight. In five more we couldn't feel him with a twelve-foot pole, and—and—" The crowd began to yell and sneer, and the narrator looked around and asked: "Does anybody think I'm lying? Would I lie for one mule? Right here under my arm is a pound of tallow candles which are to light the hole for me to go in after Thomas, and I got word not an hour ago that the hind feet of a mule were sticking out of a hill thirty miles as the bird flies from where my mule went in. I'm shaky on religion, gentlemen, but our family never knew a liar in it."

To those who are so unfortunate as to become prematurely gray, or whose hair exhibits a tendency to fall off, we recommend a trial of Hall's Hair Renewer. We do so with the utmost confidence because it is every where received with marked favor, and has built upon its own merits such a sure foundation that it is known and used in all civilized countries.—Address *N. Y. Advertiser*

HERE AND THERE.

A MILWAUKEE bride is described as "a graceful and bewitching bride bride." Because there is so much bosh-mire about her, perhaps.

A PHRENOLOGIST says the principal bump on George Washington's head is adhesiveness. He alludes to George's head on a postage stamp.

A CHILD being asked what were the three great feasts of Jews, promptly and not unnaturally, replied: "Breakfast, dinner and supper."

On coming for the first time from a wretched garret in an island overlooking town to the sea-shore, a poor woman, gazing at the ocean, said: "I am glad I came once in my life to see something which there is enough of."

THE snow shovelers: Tom—"Hullon, Bill, how's your pa, Jack?" Bill—"Oh, he's dead, poor old Jack is, through catchin' a cold a-sweepin' up the snow." Tom—"Poor chap, hi am sorry. Ah, well it won't are to sweep up no snow where 'e's gone to."

A CONTRACTOR who was building a tunnel on a certain railroad observed one morning that the face of a number of his gang was disfigured with bruises and scars. "Hallloo, Jimmy," said he, "what have you been doin'?" "Not very much, sor," answered Jimmy; "I was just down at Bill Mulligan's last night, sorr, an' we had a bit av a dispute about a woman."

THE following is an illustration of the development of English spelling in the Punjab. It is a verbatim et literatim copy of a letter by a schoolmaster in the North from a housekeeper in his household: "My dear sir, you are a man of no legs and I wish to inter my sun in your skull." The obscurity and seeming offensiveness of this address will vanish on translation. What was intended to be written was: "Sir, as you are a man of much knowledge, I wish to enter my son at your school."

THEY have a novel way in Silver City, Nevada, of evading the law as follows: A young lady bet a young man a kiss that Tilden would be elected, he to pay if Tilden won, she to pay if Hayes was elected. On the morning of the sth he called and paid the bet, and then she bet he would not go back. That evening she paid the bet. Next morning she took it back, and he paid, so they say they have been kept busy by the contradictory disputches ever since, and both declare their willingness and ability to hold out till Congress decides the question.

IN California recently a flock of geese was fired into and one of the geese, on the flight, seeing that their comrade was wounded, uttered startling cries of distress, and about a dozen of them flew under the wounded bird, huddling together so that their backs formed a sort of bed, on which the wounded one rested. They buoyed it up for some time, the others meanwhile looking on and manifesting their concern by uttering loud, discordant shrieks. Finding that their sympathizing was unable longer to accompany them in their flight they abandoned him to his fate and he fell to the earth.

"I SUPPOSE this uneasy world would grind around on its axel-trees out in twenty-four hours even if there was no fuss in the world, but drones must be good for something, but I want think now what it is. There has just been a bug made in vain, nor one that wasn't a good job; there is ever lots of human drones loafing around Shamokin saloons and other mills all over the country that don't seem tew be necessary for anything else, save beg plug tobacco and swear and steal watermelons, but you let the drones alone, and out once and then see the wisdom of having just sich men laying around loose, they help count."—JOSH BILLINGS.

GETTING REVENGE.—This was his revenge. A conductor on the Third avenue line a few months ago was annoyed by an old gentleman who frequently got in near Yorkville, and almost always offered a bill to be changed. Having changed five or six of them as best he could, the conductor planned a little revenge. He secured the cashier of a long roll of coin, and when the five dollar bill was offered by the inevitable old man the smiling conductor emptied into the old fellow's hands one hundred and sixty-four of the miserable little German silver pieces of coin, and handed over two big old-fashioned copper cents to make $4.34, and then:

A pleasant smile he smole,
A wicked wink he wunk,
A devilish look he looked,
And then his chink he chunk.
—*New York Herald.*

THE late Reverend Doctor Wightman, one night sitting up later than usual, engrossed in the profoundest study of his sermon, unconsciously he heard a sound in the kitchen, inconsistent with the quietude and stillness—only a mouse; so, taking his candle he proceeded to investigate the cause. His foot being heard in the passage, the servant began with all earnestness to rake out the fire, as if preparing for bed. "Why, Mary!" said he, "I'm just rakin' the fire, sir, and gaun to bed." "Then, Mary," said he, "I'm timeous hours." On his way back, to the study he passed the coal-closet, and, turning the key, locked it with this remark, that at an early hour, there was a rap at his bed-room door, and a request for the key to some coal. "Ye're too soon up, Mary; go back to your bed yet." Half an hour later, there was another knock, and a similar request in order to prepare for breakfast. "I don't want breakfast so soon, Mary; go back to your bed." In another half-hour there was another knock, and an entreaty for fish, as it was a washing-day. This was enough. He arose and handed out the key, saying, "do and let the man out." Mary's sweetheart had been imprisoned all night in the coal-closet, as the preacher shrewdly suspected, where Pyramus and Thisbe-like, they had breathed their love through the keyhole.

MARK TWAIN'S EULOGY ON A WATCH.—A jeweller in New Haven, Conn., has a remarkable watch, made by a foreign watchmaker, which Mark Twain describes as follows: "I have examined the wonderful watch made by M. Matilin, and indeed it comes nearer to being a human being than any watch I ever saw before. In fact, it knows considerably more than the average voter. It knows the movements of the moon and keeps exact record of them; it tells the day of the week, the day of the month and the month of the year, and will do this perpetually; it lets the hour of the day and the minute and the second, and even splits the seconds into fifths and marks the divisions by 'step' hands; having two stop hands, it can take accurate time of two race horses that start not together, but one after the other. It is a repeater; thereby the voter is suppressed again, and musically chimes the hour, the quarter, the half, the three quarter hour, and also the minutes that have passed of an uncompleted quarter hour—so that a blind man can tell the time of day by it to the exact minute. Such is this extraordinary watch. It ripens to astonishing results. I think one could add another wheel and make it read and write; still another and make it talk; and I think one might say out several of the wheels that are already in it and it would still be a useful and powerful watch, more than some that help to govern the country. On the whole, I think it is entitled to vote, that is if the sex is the right kind."

TALE OF A MULE.—"Speaking about mules," remarked a sick feeder from Harnett county, as he cracked his whip at market, "I've got a mule at home which knows as much as I do, and I want to bet some that I say that I'm half a fool." No one said so, which seemed to be the general here and heard men blow about kicking mules till I've got disgusted. When you come down to kicking, I want to bet on my mule. A friend came along and took dinner with me the other day, and, as he seemed a little down-hearted, I took him out to see Thomas Jefferson, my champion mule. I was telling the good man how that mule would flop his hind-feet around, and he said hed like to see a little flop. He'd never seen a mule flop in the South, but had never seen a mule lay his soul into a big time at kicking. So I continued, after borrowing some tobacco. I took Jefferson out of the stable, led him up again a hill, gin him a cuff on the ear, and we stood back to see the amusement. It was a good place to kick in that hill, and what d'ye s'pose he did? In ten minutes by the watch he was out of sight. In five more we couldn't feel him with a twelve-foot pole, and—and—" The crowd began to yell and sneer, and the narrator looked around and asked: "Does anybody think I'm lying? Would I lie for one mule? Right here under my arm is a pound of tallow candles which are to light the hole for me to go in after Thomas, and I got word not an hour ago that the hind feet of a mule were sticking out of a hill thirty miles as the bird flies from where my mule went in. I'm shaky on religion, gentlemen, but our family never knew a liar in it."

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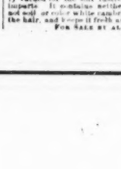
Ayer's Hair Vigor.



Various causes conspire to produce premature decay of the hair, such as neglect, dandruff, sickness, disagreeable perfumes, and the use of hair dressings composed of alcohol, which excite a feverish condition of the scalp, exhaust the vitality of the hair, and cause it to fall off. Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and free from poisonous dyes, it is especially valued for the soft luster and richness of tone it imparts. It promotes a healthy growth of hair, and will not soil or color white cambric, yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF DISEASE, THAN ANY CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAT ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINE OR MEDICAL AT TENDANCE.

THE ONLY PERMANENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—IS TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS, AND IN A FEW MINUTES CAUSES DISEASE TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Sudden Illness, Hysterics, Sore Throat, Bad Cough, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Side or Back, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Sciatica, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Heart, or Hysterics, or with Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Spasms, Sprains, or Pains in the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will carry you of the worst of these complaints in a few minutes.

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Dyspepsia is the most perplexing of all human ailments. Its symptoms are almost infinite in their variety and the forms and despondent victims of the dire malady are numbered by millions in the land, as every other malady. This is due, in part to the peculiar sympathy which exists between the stomach and the brain, and in part also to the fact that any derangement of the digestive organs immediately disorders the liver, the bowels, and the nervous system, and these, in some extent, the quality of the blood. R. P. Knabel's Bitter Wine of Iron a sure cure. This is not a new preparation, but tried and found wanting, it has been prescribed daily for many years in the practice of eminent physicians with unparalleled success, it is not expected or intended to cure all the diseases to which human flesh is subject, but is warranted to cure Dyspepsia in its most obstinate form. Knabel's Bitter Wine of Iron never fails to cure. Symptoms of Dyspepsia are loss of appetite, head and rising of the food, dryness of the mouth, heartburn, distension of the stomach and bowels, constipation, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness, and low spirits. Try the great remedy and be convinced of its merit. Get the genuine of the R. P. Knabel's, when it put up in 3 bottles. Depot 26 North Sixth st., Philadelphia, Pa. It never fails. For sale by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

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FUN 1 pack sexy assistance cards, 1 pack kid 'k' Riddles, 1 pack school, 1 pack Authors, 1 pack Games, 1 pack Flirtation, 1 pack Proverbs, 1 pack Conundrums, 1 pack Poetical Comparisons, 1 pack Comic Alphabets, 1 pack Love Letters, 1 pack Toasts, 1 pack Autographs, 1 pack Acrostics, 1 pack Charades, 1 pack Forfeits, 1 pack Parlor Games, 1 pack Puzzles, 1 pack Tableaux, 1 pack Parlor Pastimes, 1 pack Comic Phrases, 1 pack Comic Verses, 1 pack Comic Dialogues, 1 pack Comic Recitations, 1 pack Comic Songs, 1 pack Comic Stories, 1 pack Comic Jokes, 1 pack Comic Puns, 1 pack Comic Sayings, 1 pack Comic Quotations, 1 pack Comic Anecdotes, 1 pack Comic Epigrams, 1 pack Comic Proverbs, 1 pack Comic Riddles, 1 pack Comic Conundrums, 1 pack Comic Poetical Comparisons, 1 pack Comic Alphabets, 1 pack Comic Love Letters, 1 pack Comic Toasts, 1 pack Comic Autographs, 1 pack Comic Acrostics, 1 pack Comic Charades, 1 pack Comic Forfeits, 1 pack Comic Parlor Games, 1 pack Comic Puzzles, 1 pack Comic Tableaux, 1 pack Comic

THE FASHIONS.

The wiseacres say that the back bone of winter is broken, and the almanacs begin to whisper the page of the month with, now we may begin to look for fine weather." Consequently we grow less Arctic in our fashions. We speak of fringes and laces instead of furs of lighter fragments instead of winters.

The gay world is at its gayest now. Lent approaches with rapid strides to put an end to balls and parties. Quite a fancy has sprung up among the juveniles this season for one home parties, and as there are yet a few more days in which to indulge the fancy. We select a bouquet of gayly costumes for our mantelpiece pattern to admire and cull from.

One of a Spanish girl has a short of white, and skirt of cream colored silk with two rows of scarlet braid having a deep netted fringe of the same color depending from it.

A white vest close fitting and a short open tight fitting Zouave jacket of scarlet velvet edged with a trefle of leather trimmings of a lighter tint and silver pendants. White silk or muslin sleeves gathered into a band at the wrist.

The hair is drawn back and hangs in a scarlet net with high up on the left side a half blown red rose is respectfully placed. This costumes is that of Zerlina in the opera of Don Juan.

A pretty costume for a ball of ten or twelve is a Russian gentleman. A plain fitting blouse with skirt reaching in front midway between belt and knees is made of dark cardinal red cloth. A black velvet girdle four or five inches long and one and a quarter wide hangs pendant from that belt in front and has three crosses embroidered upon it in white silk. A sleeveless coat of black velvet with deep skirts and only reaching half way across the front of the blouse is worn over the scarlet red undergarment.

Full black velvet trousers, stuffed into high top boots which reach above the knee complete the costume.

For a girl a fashionable costume is very pretty. It is composed of two skirts the under one deep within the upper line. Both terminated with wide bands of black velvet on which are wrought in white and orange color cabalistic figures figures of the Zodiac etc. Half high colored velvet boots with square toes and loose elbow sleeves.

Low pointed bodice of black velvet embroidered in gold buttons with figures similar to those on the skirt and trimmed with the richest guipure. Necklace of coral and silver sequins.

Scarf of plaided orange and blue silk thrown in just above the forehead with silver sequins coins is arranged about the head.

For a ball of bouquet the costume of Pocahontas is particularly effective.

High gaiters reaching above the knee of buckskin are worn. Tight pants of black velvet skirt of cross bailard with fulldrawers gathered with a band and with Dyron collar turned over an orange colored necktie.

Vest of orange colored silk with wide lapels such cloth of same shade.

Short almost like cloak of dark green cord. High pointed hat of yellow straw with band of dark green ribbon and cluster of wheat ears and corn flowers in front.

Any of these costumes can be imitated in non expensive material and to an excellent degree of perfection too. Paper muslin being a good substitute for silk.

In street costumes the wore specially planted with no end of navy blue dresses and cashmere combined. The underskirt worn of cashmere with one deep box plaited flounce. The overskirt of the dressier a polonaise trimmed with bar fringe and buttoned down the front with dark blue silk buttons. Pelerine back was grace fully draped some distance below the waist. A pocket of cashmere lined with dressier and sleeves of cashmere with dressier cuffs also outlined of the last compleated the suit.

CAPES AND ENDS.

Bright blue and scarlet pelisses with plaided little shawl. The dressy cavalier and gives a glimpse of these coquettish draperies, and the fashionable hoods below.

The wide trimmed trattelsbrough but is being made in straw and chip for the Spring openings.

Smoked pearl buttons are again very fashionable.

Dark plaids will be much worn in the coming season combined with cream colored flannel and paper.

Fine worsted Tulle is the favorite with plaid colored gauze de Suede are the favorite fabrics for dressy ball dress dresses at the top.

Dressmakers are not so long in the sleeves as early in the season.

The coming parasol is navy blue lined with crimson colored silk and having deep fringe around the edge.

Victoria plaid is very popular again for children and school girls wear.

Trades are the Modern Homer A cordial for information received.

CROCHET WORK TABLE.

We shall give a design for a square case in this number. The materials required a quarter of a yard of brown mohair or the same amount of this silk of a similar color for lining. A small piece of white satin and a piece of black velvet. Also black silk twist. A skein of pale yellow silk. A skein of dark green silk. Also a skein of pale rose colored silk. One or two pieces of narrow gold cord and gold tassel. The number of hooks is No. 18.

Cut a paper pattern seven inches long and three and a half wide. Cut out two pieces from the brown silk or leather or this material for inside. Line one with the silk but do not line the other until you work the design upon it. Either tracer or have stamped a pattern for working a sprig of flowers of figures suitable to the shape of the case around the sides of the unlined piece of leather, leaving a place exactly in the centre for a square for the cream colored silk to be set in. This piece must be an inch and three-quarters long and an inch and a quarter wide. Trace a sprig of forget me nots upon it, these are flowers which are easy to simple of form being like a five pointed star with rounded instead of pointed ends. Three little dots at the end give really curved representation of the leaves. The stems are simply a wiry painted over, curved after the manner of leaves on a stem; three being enough to work. Work the flowers in the four silk in ordinary satin stitch. The centre in pale yellow the buds have tipped with rose color. The leaves in dark green. Having finished this centre piece, lay it carefully and stitching it on lastest it down, attach it firmly around the edges by a narrow buttonhole stitch. For the braiding pattern in the silks work it in the brown and gold cord and braids.

Having finished the embroidery, line the piece with brown silk. Work in brown and gold the monogram of the person for whom this little casework is intended on the plain side or the one against which the under piece of the case. Bind both pieces all around with strong brown ribbon or silk braid. Take a brown ribbon, serge ribbon is best, about a wide sew it around three sides, the inclosing and one short side of the upper piece, attach the other side of the ribbon to the under side of the case upon which the monogram is wrought and ornamenting the top with two tiny bows of ribbon, your case is complete.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. Legrand.—The season it not too far advanced for a municipately heavy winter to your little girl. We recommend dark grey cloth as suitable. No trimming, simply three rows of machine stitching around the bottom, several pockets, even a cap little one in the sleeve cuff for our backers may be made.

Miss Jennie Claire. The long switch will cost you fifteen dollars. It can be sent by express or mail, just as you direct.

Annie V.—Sent package on the 3th instant by express.

Nixon

LIFE'S SUNBEAMS

BY S. M. B.

There are bright and happy places
In the dwelling place of tears,
Among gloomiest and hurry faces
Smiling forms that conquer fears

There are many sweets that mingle
In our cups of mortal tea
Fairy fairies light the jungle
Sweetest music as they go

There are lessons rich and rarest
Life's sure pathway to make bright
And the angels faces fairest
Shine like rays of living light

Yet there still are clearest blessings
To basket in our weary way
Priceless gifts of arms and food caressing
Love that never can decay

LOVE IN A VALENTINE

BY NANNIE SADLER.

Mr. Maurice Brewster was a bachelor. He was also very romantic and had any one suggested to him the idea of speeding his days in single blessedness, he would probably have resented it as an insult. True, he was treading on the shady side of thirty, but his lonely bachelor life had not seared him, and he was younger, and more generous at heart than many a man at twenty five. He had an ideal, as most romantic people have, which had existed all his life in his fancies alone, and his realist agitation, and he meant to marry as soon as it should take a tangible shape in the form of *bona fide* flesh and blood. So, though he had been in a hurry to marry for the last six years, he had quietly settled down in bachelor quarters, to await the coming of the fair one who was to come up to his highest ideal of truth and purity, and more than compensate for his years of waiting and loneliness.

And now, his patience was rewarded. He had found her at last in the person of Miss Jennie Mitford, the daughter of a well to do merchant in the thriving village where Mr. Brewster had recently settled in business. Mr. Brewster was not enraptured at first sight. In fact, he had hated her for years. It was as if his dreams had suddenly taken form and shape, and become a reality. The same wavy brown hair, the soft intelligent features, the same laughing eyes, rich, peachy complexion and rosebud mouth, that had so often charmed his imagination, and before he was aware he had heard her with the concentrated passion of years, and he strove very hard to win from her a reciprocal affection, an undertaking which Mr. Brewster hardly hoped he had succeeded.

But now, a new mountain arrayed itself in his pathway, and it was the surrounding of this obstacle that had kept him awake all night on the St. Valentine's morn, the fourteenth of February. He had found his ideal, his chosen, but question was settled forever, but in what way was he to make her acquainted with the fact? Should he communicate? Then was what puzzled Mr. Brewster all through the long morning. Had he been a practical man, it would have been the easiest matter in the world for him to have gone straight to Jennie and said: Miss Mitford, I love you, will you be my wife." To which, according to Mr. Brewsters ideas, and expectations at least, Miss Jennie would have responded "Yes," and that would have been the end of it.

But then, Mr. Brewster was not a practical man. He had been waiting all his life for the advent of thus being, who to him was almost a divinity, and he shrank from the idea of expressing the finest feelings of his soul to the common parlance of every day life. He had revolved the subject in his mind probably a hundred times, without coming to any definite conclusion.

All at once he started up with an expression that said as plainly as if he had put his idea into words, "I've got it," and putting on his overcoat and gloves, walked out of the house with an air of triumph in his face.

We will not follow him in the execution of his new idea, whatever it may have been, but turn our attention elsewhere.

That afternoon a beautiful young girl of twenty or thereabout, with masses of brown hair and an intelligent, happy countenance, whom the reader will recognize at once as the person addressed by Mr. Brewster, also walked leisurely up the street and dropped quietly in at the post office. She came out presently, holding in her hand a large, handsome envelope bearing a fine and elegant wreath of tulips and heliotrope, emblems of love and devotion. "Isn't it lovely" exclaimed Jennie, as she stepped out upon the pavement, and I ought who has sent me such an elegant valentine."

"If you please, it waft Mithter Breath ter. I thwow him do it," said a voice behind her, and turning around she beheld Ned, the little six year old lisping son of the shoemaker who lived across the way.

Ned was chiefly remarkable for two qualities, a love for candy and a fondness for pennies. He was always there present. He always making his appearance at the most untimely places and when he was least expected, and the latter was but the result of the former, a knowledge of all the gossips and doings, both great and small, going on in the village around him.

It first glance Mr. Brewster strongly inclined to give the urchin a smart slap for his impudence, but a glance at his comical face, its telligent withal, changed her mind and she walked on, saying, "Ned why how you do."

"So it is Mr. Brewster suffering," thought Jennie, as she retraced her steps homeward, with a glow upon her cheeks which was not all the result of the wintry air. "I wonder what it contains."

Jennie had had experience enough in the world to know that such men as Mr. Brewster did not send valentines for mere flirtation sides, it must be confessed that Mr. Brewster's gay colored dreams and bright hopes that he had won the heart of, to him, the fairest woman in the world, were not altogether unfounded, for Jennie's fresh young heart had gone forth to him and heartily responded to the tale of love that she had so often read in the pages of fiction. With trembling fingers and wildly beating heart, that she opened the gift which to her face for the giver made very precious to her.

When she reached home she went noiselessly up to her own room, divested herself of her wrappings, and there, secure from observation, sat down to examine the contents of her love gift.

If she had pretentioned the outside beautiful, the inside was superb. The same lovely wreath that enrobed the wrapper, only in more delicate tracings, and within the circle of this wreath sat a female figure, at which no one gazed, he found himself perplexed to tell whether she were angel or woman, while all about and around her were scattered in profusion the same chaste and elegant emblems, tulip and heliotrope. On the opposite side was a place which seemed to be of gold, set in the center of the page, on which was inscribed a monogram, rich and tasteful—Jennie's own. In fact it was just such an offering as one might have expected from a man of Mr. Brewster's refinement and culture; and as Jennie sat last folded it and placed it securely in her little desk, she felt a greater admiration than ever before for the exalted mind and character that had prompted the selection of such a gift. And she went down stairs and out with a feeling of great rest and peace, for she felt that it was the precursor of a great happiness that was to come. Alas! how often does experience teach us that happiness is a delusive bubble, that bursts before our eyes even while we imagine it within our grasp.

The winter glided away and the birds began to sing, and soon after the brown-eared harbingers of spring, and yet Jennie saw nothing of Mr. Brewster. His visits which had hitherto been frequent, suddenly ceased altogether, and Jennie in fact there was a few times since the reception of that ever to be remembered valentine; and then there was a sad, repining look in his eyes, even while he greeted her so coldly, which to Jennie was quite inexplicable.

Poor Jennie! she was troubled and puzzled beyond measure. she did not know what he had done to offend her, but one thing left for her to think, and that was very hard for her trusting nature to admit, viz. that Mr. Brewster had been but trifling with her affections, and had carried it so far as practicable, and then quitted the field. There were times when her indignation almost overpowered her love for the idol that she had worshipped, but at the last six years, he had quietly settled down in bachelor quarters, to await the coming of the fair one who was to come up to his highest ideal of truth and purity, and more than compensate for his years of waiting and loneliness.

And now, his patience was rewarded. he had found her at last in the person of Miss Jennie Mitford, the daughter of a well to do merchant in the thriving village where Mr. Brewster had recently settled in business. Mr. Brewster was not enraptured at first sight. In fact, he had hated her for years. It was as if his dreams had suddenly taken form and shape, and become a reality. The same wavy brown hair, the soft intelligent features, the same laughing eyes, rich, peachy complexion and rosebud mouth, that had so often charmed his imagination, and before he was aware he had heard her with the concentrated passion of years, and he strove very hard to win from her a reciprocal affection, an undertaking which Mr. Brewster hardly hoped he had succeeded.

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